Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 6 1967 40 CENTS

THE UNWANTED COWBOY
Dan Reeves of Dallas



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at times like this who wants to hear football scores.



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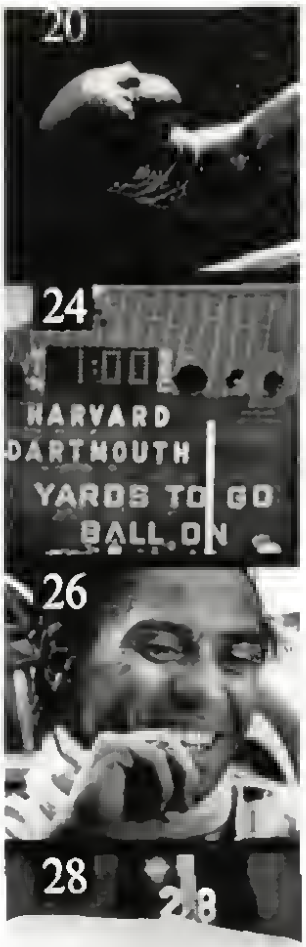
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Next week

THE WAY-OUT SCENE of French skiing dominates this Olympic winter. Jack Olsen annotates the siege of Grenoble as the Games near, and Ernst Haas shows it in color.

INDIANA'S HOOSIERS have been hooted at for years by Big Ten foes, but some derring-do by a surprising band of sophomores has brought six straight wins and stirred title dreams.

ST. LOUIS AGAIN? The city may have another winner in the basketball Hawks, off fast in pursuit of their first Western Division title in seven years. A report from Frank Deford.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If the expansion of major league ice hockey west and south is to produce the next big national pro sport, as we hope and believe it will, nothing will contribute more than good, contentious, opinionated talk. In this issue we salute the new season with some informed talk by Pete Axthelm on the prospects and the personalities (*page 34*) and by Montreal Coach Toe Blake on how to watch the game to get the most out of it (*page 38*). For actual and potential fans in the new hockey towns who want to fire their own opinions in the most congenial surroundings but are puzzled where to go, we herewith offer a guide.

If you are a Pittsburgh fan and have decided, say, that Andy Bathgate's old bones can/cannot last the season, sound off at the Pleasure (4729 Liberty Avenue, 10 minutes from Civic Arena). This is the hockeyest of all the hockey hangouts, run by a lifelong buff named Johnny Collinger who ministered to the old Hornets and now counsels the Penguins on matters of the heart, housing and victuals. The motherly gray-haired waitress is Agnes, and the bartender is Chas. "This," says Chas., "is the boys' home away from home." Bar Manager Spotty LeDonne is admired locally for having dispelled the evil eye that had put a onetime Hornet player, Bob Dillabough, into a scoring slump. Employing an old Italian cure at LeDonne's behest, Hornet fan Adolph Donadeo lit a candle before Dillabough in a dark room, then put seven drops of oil into a saucer of water. "If the oil breaks," says LeDonne, "the spell is broken. It broke, and the next game Dillabough got a goal—after he had missed 15 open nets, mind you." Vealparmigiana ($3.25 with the trimmings) is a popular dish at the Pleasure, and a Martini is 75¢.

Followers of the St. Louis Blues who have not paid $100 to join the Arena Club (whiskey $1.50, beer 75¢) can find soulmates at several restaurants within slap-shot distance of the Memorial Arena, among them Stan Musial & Biggie's, Mr. D's and Le Masque. Ruggeri's, up on The Hill, is an established sports spot. The In place, though, is the Arena Bowl just next door to the rink, where visiting players often lift a quick stein before leaving town.

Irish is the house language at The Brown Jug in Philadelphia (46th and Market) where Miss Catharine Hastings dispenses steaks and chops at dinner, thick club sandwiches after the game and hockey expertise at all times. A 12-ounce sirloin steak will set you back $4.50, Scotch or bourbon 75¢.

A quarter of a mile from Minnesota's new Metropolitan Sports Center, home of the North Stars and the basketball Muskies, is Eddie Webster's steak house. Eddie opened in 1965, just in time to console Minne's World Series losers. His fanciest steak costs $6.75, bourbon is 60¢, Scotch 75¢, and the talk in the Peanut Pub—one of the three bars on the premises—is mostly muscle.

In Oakland the most popular rendezvous for California Seal fans is the Edgewater Inn, directly across Nimitz Freeway from the Coliseum Arena. There is a convenient footwalk over the freeway and, for choosier fans, a bus to the games. In the Sabre Room, a lounge favored by sports people, drinks are six bits by day, 90¢ at night.

If you have been charmed or outraged by Jack Kent Cooke, one of the nicest places to spout in Los Angeles is Julie's (3730 South Flower, near the USC campus). The specialty is Julie's sandwich—prime beef and American cheese grilled on sourdough bread, served with tossed salad or baked beans for $1.75. Do not show up on game night without a reservation or with an opinion on the Kings that you are not prepared to defend.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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SMI

BOOKTALK

Saving ocelots in South America was not quite like rescuing cats in Boston

Few who saw it are likely to forget a picture published in LIFE magazine some years ago of a howler monkey clinging in terror to the end of a half-submerged log in a South American forest almost totally inundated by flood waters. The monkey was one of thousands of wild animals seemingly sentenced to death until the rescue effort known as Operation Gwamba saved them. In a new book titled *Time Is Short and the Water Rises* by John Walsh with Robert Gannon (E. P. Dutton, $6.95), the full story of that fascinating exercise in humanitarianism is told.

Operation Gwamba (meaning animal) began in March 1964 when a letter from Surinam—formerly Dutch Guiana—arrived in the Boston offices of ISPA (the International Society for the Protection of Animals) telling of the plight of thousands of forest creatures trapped by the spreading artificial lake behind the newly created Afobaka Dam.

To Surinam, ISPA sent John Walsh, a young man trained in rescue techniques by the Massachusetts SPCA. Walsh soon found that getting a wild ocelot down from a 30-foot tree in the jungle was somewhat different from rescuing a kitten from a tree in Boston. But he had some experience in rescuing wild domestic animals—an Angus bull that had taken to the woods, a mountain goat that broke out of the Boston zoo, and reindeer that had escaped from a Christmas nativity scene. So to Surinam he sent such equipment as tranquilizer guns and Ketchalls, five-foot aluminum tubes with a handle on one end and a rubber-coated loop on the other.

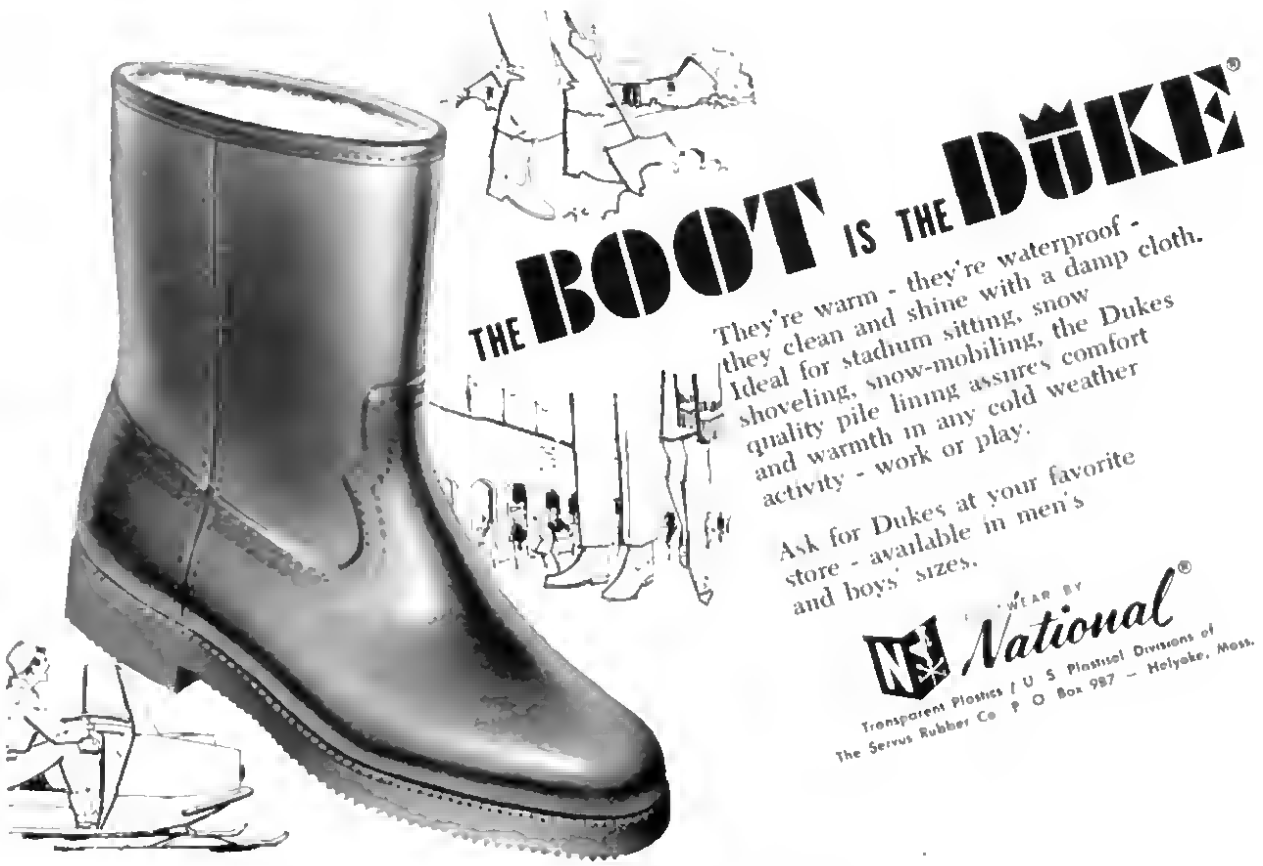
With their rather modest inventory Walsh and an associate named Bob Smith, who was to be in charge of fund raising, set off for their adventure in the rain forest. It was an adventure that would occupy them for the next 18 months. To help in the expedition Walsh needed human hands, and the best help he could get were the local Bush Negroes (descendants of rebellious slaves who had escaped to the jungle and made their homes there).

Survival in the jungle was often a matter of good timing, stubborn endurance and pure luck. Walsh gratefully traded Yankee ingenuity for Bush Negro jungle cunning. Each crisis was met as it arose, by Bush Negro and white man working side by side, whether it involved the problem of getting a scrappy peccary pig into a boat or taking a native cure for jungle fever. Torrential rains disrupted the rescue work and broke the men's spirits.

The work always went on, in spite of rain, insects or sickness.

The animals saved numbered in excess of 10,000. The one most familiar to the Western world, perhaps, was the red brocket deer, an animal that had to be beaten out of the bushes into the water. It was in rescuing deer that Walsh's operation came to the attention of the public, for Walsh found that ordinary rope used to tie the deers' hooves cut into their flesh. An appeal was cabled to Boston newspapers, and soon little ladies from all over the world were packing up their nylon stockings, mailing them to Surinam to help the deer. "When an animal is dying of hunger or drowning, or being eaten alive by piranha, it doesn't care whether it is beautiful or repellent. And neither do we," said Bob Smith. "We just want to save it."

—JEANNETTE BRUCE



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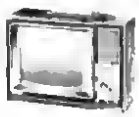
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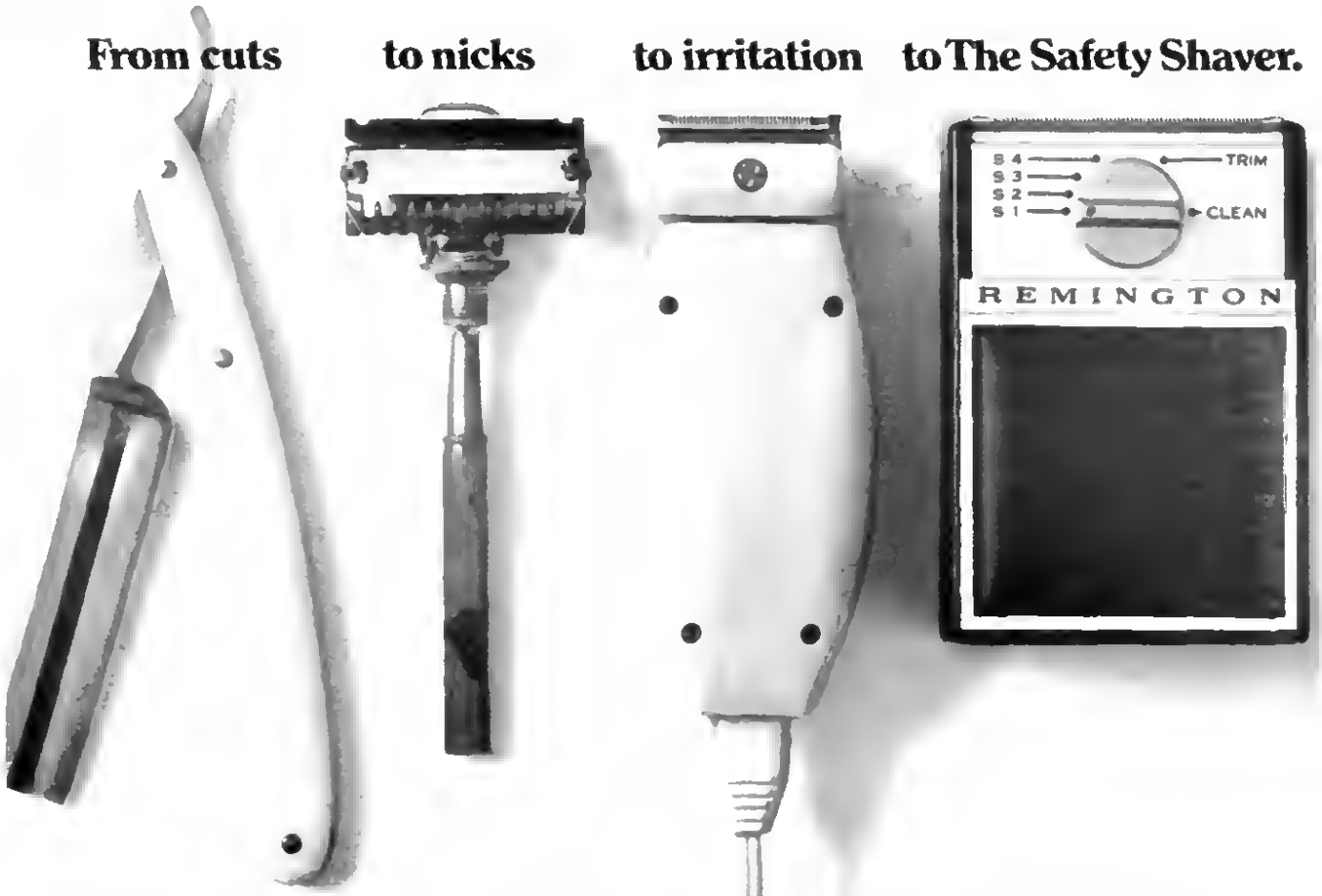
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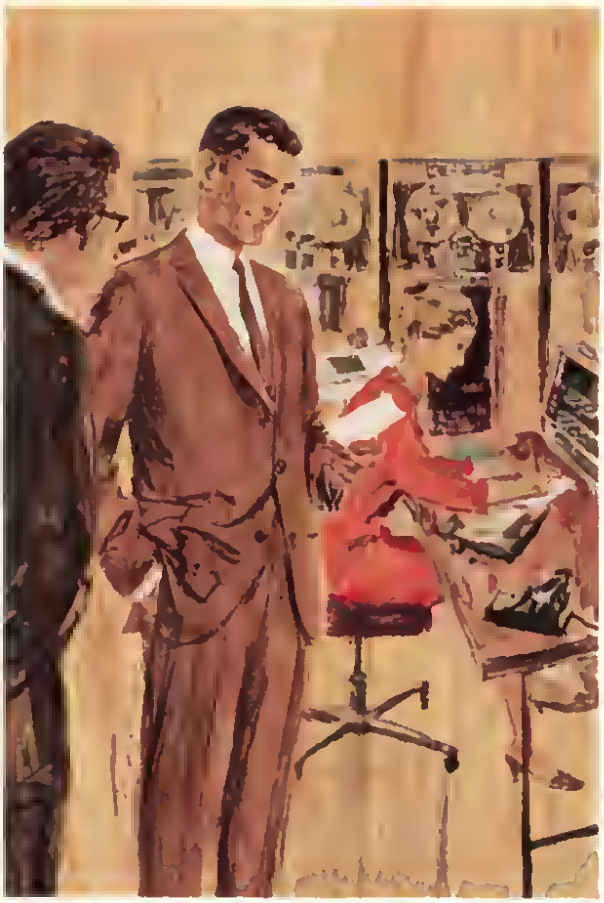
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SCORECARD

STORM OVER GALE

Each Wednesday the National Football League puts out a list of players who are not expected to play that week. The October 18 list did not include Halfback Gale Sayers of the Chicago Bears, so everybody expected an exciting duel the following Sunday in Cleveland between two of the league's leading rushers, Sayers and Leroy Kelly of the Browns—everybody, that is, except the bookmakers. Oddsmakers in Louisville and Chicago almost as if they knew Sayers would not play all along took the game off the boards, while everywhere else the odds against the Bears increased steadily during the week. On Sunday, Sayers did not play. "I was jogging on the sidelines during the warmup," he said, "and hurt my leg again."

"He was hurt in the warmup," said Coach George Halas. But some Cleveland newsmen said Sayers had not so much as trotted during warmup drills.

"It was like going to a Harry Belafonte concert and Harry Belafonte wasn't there," said Captain Paul Wiggin of the Browns, all of whom had been prepared to defend against Sayers. Those who paid to see the game felt the same way.

"We're gathering facts on all aspects of the situation," said Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "If there is anything to say we'll say it."

We hope something does get said. Fans should not have to go to gamblers to find out who will play.

KENTUCKY LOSES

Two years ago Kentucky signed the first Negro football players in the Southeastern Conference, Greg Page and Nat Northington. Page died tragically five weeks ago after receiving a severe spinal injury in a freak football training accident. Now Northington, considered a good prospect as a defensive halfback and safety, has quit the team and left school. The death of his teammate deeply affected Northington and no doubt contributed to his decision. A shoulder injury and scholastic difficulties are also believed to have been factors.

"It's nobody else's fault but my own," he said. "I like everybody, but there is something missing. I just couldn't live up to it. I'm letting a lot of people down, but if I kept going on I'd just be fooling everybody but myself."

STOP, RABBIT

The British, when bent on crime, carry it off with peerless flair. Their train robberies and prison breaks have rare distinction. And now they can add the sure-thing betting coup. Last week at the Bristol greyhound track a gang placed several hundred pounds on Silver Jemima, an animal that on the face of it merited no such display of faith. On the second turn, it was obvious things were going all wrong. Silver Jemima could not win. Suddenly the house lights went out and the mechanical hare stopped amid a pile of startled greyhounds. A gang member, receiving a distress signal from trackside, had pulled out the fuses in the stadium switch box.

The blackout lasted 30 minutes. The race was declared void, and all bets had to be returned.

CHIEF PROBLEM

It would figure that the pastor of the Country Club Christian Church in Kansas City and his parishioners would be men of sporting interests. But when the Kansas City Chiefs announced an earlier-than-ever kickoff time for their home games (1:05 p.m.), it put the squeeze on Sunday worship.

The Rev. Dr. Lawrence Bash wrote in the church bulletin, "I think most churches are going to feel the impact of this rather difficult football schedule." However, Dr. Bash has solved the problem for his congregation and himself. He has arranged for a chartered bus to wait at the church steps ready to speed the faithful to Municipal Stadium. Parishioners can attend services in sports clothes or change clothes at the church afterward. They also can leave their children at the church nursery school during the game. Nor is the Rev. Dr. Bash about to be left behind. He boards the bus still dressed in his clerical robes.

"Our world produces so many interesting, entertaining, fascinating and even helpful distractions," says the reverend, "that old habits of loyalty just wither and die. We never really say to ourselves, 'I'm going to give up church. It isn't as entertaining as football.' But the decision is made, and your church can tell the difference. We have 3,225 resident members, and a home game used to cut attendance by 150 to 200 persons. Life is full of hidden priorities. I don't know whether the question should be, 'What will I sacrifice in order to attend church?' or 'What will I sacrifice to attend a football game?' "

HINDSIGHT

Until this season NFL teams have always been divided into two conferences, the Eastern and the Western. But, to meet the seemingly insatiable demands of pro football fans and heighten the suspense, the league decided to split up this year into four divisions, each with four teams. This would mean two more playoff games come December, and, it was suggested, double the money and double the fun.

WESTERN CONFERENCE	W	L	T
BALTIMORE	5	0	2
LOS ANGELES	4	1	2
GREEN BAY	4	1	1
SAN FRANCISCO	5	2	0
EASTERN CONFERENCE			
DALLAS	5	2	0
ST. LOUIS	4	2	0
CLEVELAND	4	3	0
PHILADELPHIA	4	3	0
NEW YORK	4	3	0

Ironically, as of last Sunday night—with almost half the season gone—it may be double the money, but it looks like half the fun. If the old East-West division had been retained fans would now be enjoying two tough, tight races between traditional rivals, one involving four teams, the other five (*above*). Under the new format races are much less interesting; in the Central Division, champion Green Bay's early bumbling and

continued

From scene

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fumbling has become meaningless. In spite of its indifferent record, it is a cinch-winner in its division of patsys. But that's progress for you.

SUCCESSFUL INVASION

The Caufield Cup, the trophy for one of Australia's two most esteemed horse races, will sit for the next year on a Beverly Hills mantlepiece, thanks to a judicious purchase a fortnight ago by two Los Angeles businessmen.

Three days before the 90th running of the historic stakes event, Investor William Breliant and Accountant Irving Litz flew to Australia and bought Tobin Bronze, a 5-year-old chestnut who had won 23 races and $164,000. The buyers had been told by California Trainer Charlie Whittingham that the horse could probably beat anything in America up to 10 furlongs. They purchased Tobin Bronze for about $450,000, a record in Australia, but noteworthy in the U S because it was so small, rather than so large, a price. The following Saturday Tobin Bronze won the Caufield Cup and the $40,000 purse that went with the victory.

Breliant and Litz were at first reluctant to go into the winner's circle at the Melbourne track, mindful, no doubt, that Australian racing enthusiasts still hold every American responsible for the mysterious death 35 years ago in California of the famed Phar Lap. Now another Australian champion was being taken away.

But the crowd applauded the new owners as well as the horse, and Major General Sir Rohan Delacombe, the governor of Victoria, has even offered to arrange transport for Tobin Bronze to the Washington, D.C., International on November 11, where he will formally compete for Australia, despite his new ownership.

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

In a high school football game in Texas, New Deal beat Roosevelt 46–14.

NOT SO SPARTAN PROSE

A few days after he had suspended six Michigan State football players, Coach Duffy Daugherty was explaining in his newspaper column why athletes have to be disciplined: "To become a champion all athletes have to be aware of the value . . . of discipline, of being willing to have respect for authority, being will-

ing to discipline one's self and of being willing to give up some of the things that non-athletes are doing . . I feel so strongly about our young men trying their best at all times that I not only talk to them a great deal in this vein but also write them a number of letters during their summer vacations.

"In these letters I point out our goals, hopes and aspirations for the coming season. I ask them to think big so their deeds will grow, to hitch their wagon to that proverbial star and to come back to fall practice imbued with an overwhelming desire to do everything within their God-given talents to help us achieve the high goals that we have set for ourselves.

"Knowing that words might fail to get across my important points in my final letter I enclose this little poem:

If you can't be a highway then just
be a trail.
If you can't be the sun, be a star.
For it isn't by size that you win or
you fail.
Be the best of whatever you are."

. . . AND SPEAKING OF DISCIPLINE

If Duffy Daugherty had his disciplinary problems, so did two other horrified Big Ten coaches recently when their adventurous punters decided to take the game into their own hands. When undefeated Indiana played Iowa in its fourth game of the season, Indiana's kicker and halfback, John Isenbarger, was told he could run from punt formation if he saw a chance for a big gain. He succeeded once, then failed and set up an Iowa touchdown that almost cost Indiana the game. Coach Johnny Pont told Isenbarger to forget about running from punt formation in the future, but the following week against Michigan there he went again, running on fourth down at the Indiana 13-yard line. Isenbarger fumbled, Michigan recovered and scored, and again the Hoosiers almost lost. "I've never been madder in my life," said Pont.

But he could not have been as angry as Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf. Purdue, ranked No. 2 in the country, had just been upset by Oregon State. The turning point in the game came when Dick Berg, the Purdue punter, ran on fourth down at midfield and failed, giving Oregon State the opportunity to score.

"Berg's no runner," stormed Mollenkopf. "He often works out in his street clothes. I have always wondered what would happen if he got a bad pass from

continued

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center and had to run. He must have been reading about Isenbarger in the papers. What he did is the same as breaking training rules."

Last week, almost as poetic as Duffy, Indiana Athletic Director Bill Orwig loudly recited the following as the Indiana team boarded its bus.

"See John punt.
Punt John punt.
Punt John punt.
Good Grief.
See John run."

PITCHING A WET ONE

That red-white-and-blue-spangled ball which the American Basketball Association has been using to jazz up its games may be replaced by a standard model in the next few weeks. The ABA's ball was designed with an eye to the future and color television, but it is already probably a thing of the past. Players complain that moisture collects on the ball, making it difficult to grip.

DOOD SHOT, SAD SHOW

During the recent Champagne Open in Upland, Calif., Bill Hathaway, a college professor with an 11 handicap, watched his tee shot on the 1st hole, a 286-yard par-4, bounce onto the green and roll into the cup. The host club, the Red Hill CC, had promised to give a new car to any golfer scoring an ace in the tournament. But when Hathaway went to claim his prize he was told that a hole in one on a par-4 did not count. The club had purchased protective insurance for par-3 holes only.

THEY SAID IT

• Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, after his punter was hit hard in a game but no penalty was called: "I guess they only consider it roughing when one guy grabs the punter's leg, then another guy grabs the punter's other leg and they say to him, 'Now make a wish.' "

• Bill van Breda Kolff, Los Angeles Laker coach, after watching mild-mannered Mel Counts wander around: "Mel, I'm going to make you so mad that you will take a punch at me—and, in all probability, you'll miss."

• Joe DiMaggio, on his new appointment as vice president of the Athletics: "Exploit me? Aren't we all exploited in a way when we take a job? I found Finley to be very nice and, until proved otherwise, I'll go along with him." **END**

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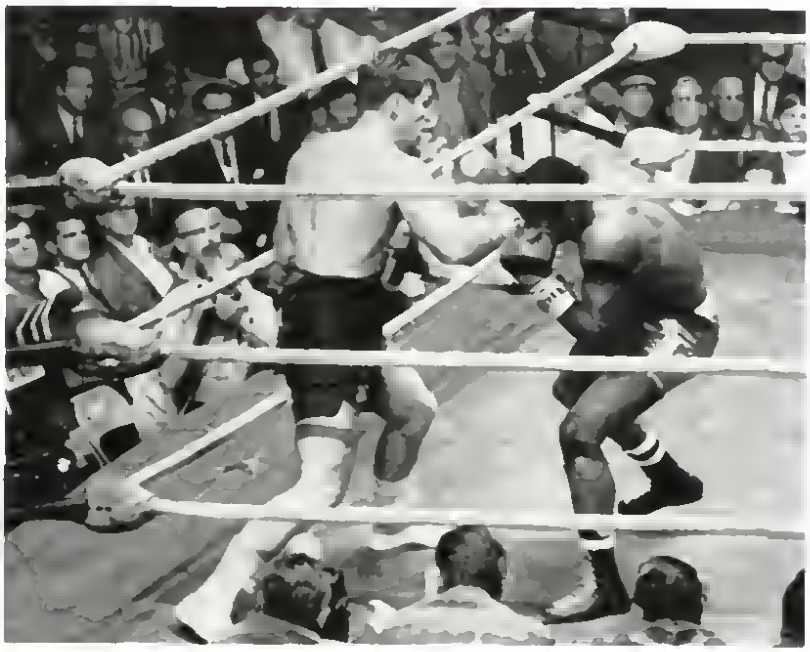
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THE BELFORTE FACE 700 17 JEWELS RACING STRAP CALENDAR $24.95, WATERPROOF WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL WERE INTACT

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 6, 1967

THEY'RE STILL WAITING



Fighting best where he was said to be worst, Quarry came off ropes (left) in second round to dump Patterson on the seat of his pants and (right) send him to his knees in fourth

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURT GUNTHER

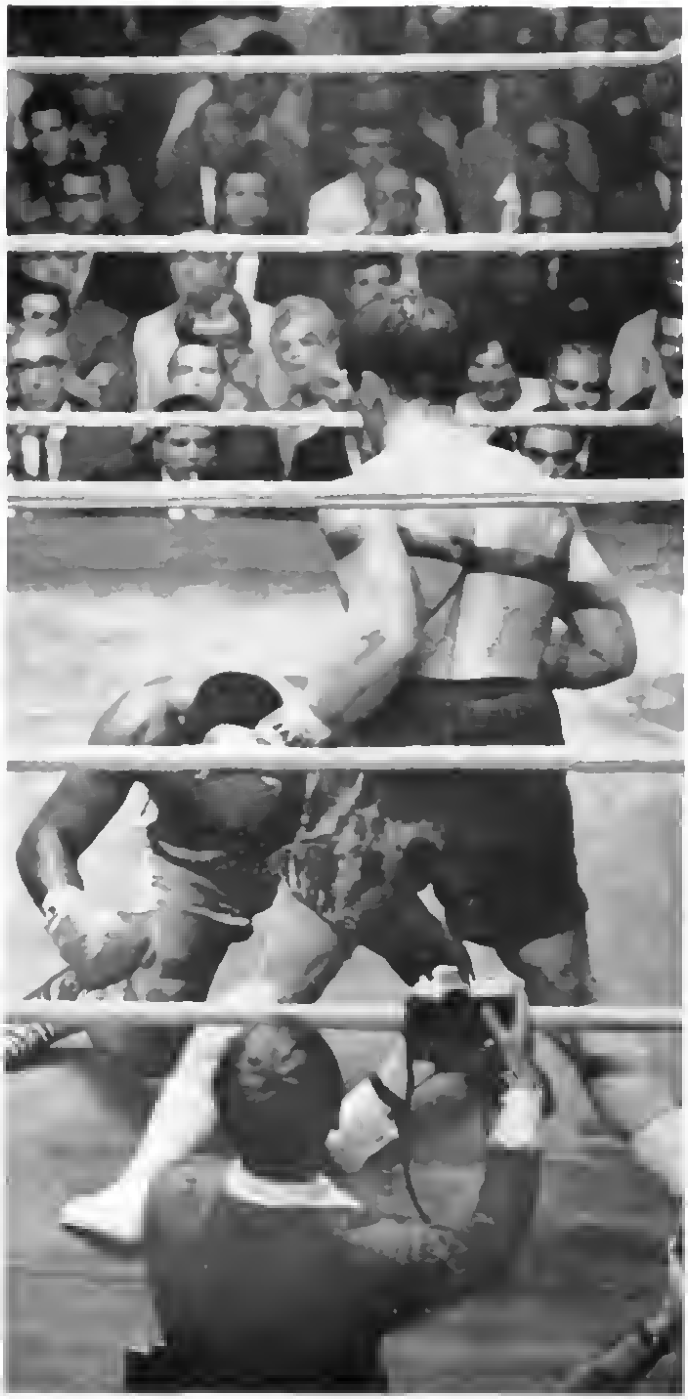


FOR JERRY

A world of hope may lie ahead for would-ba champion Querry. He beat Floyd Patterson but, like his own prograss, tha result was debatable by **MARK KRAM**

CONTINUED





Everywhere, for so long now, from the dark, dank gyms and the rooms where the schemes are hatched, to the balconies and ringside with all its shimmering glamour, they have been waiting for Jerry Quarry. A white heavyweight, who could make the old remember and the young interested, who could take the sport and throttle breath back into it. Then the promoters could return to white-on-white shirts and fat rings, the managers could have a solid model for all the young kids who prefer changing tires in gas stations to pain, and for the fighter it would be one long and beautiful ride down velvet alley.

The trouble is that acceptance does not come easily. Suspicion, impatience and sudden dismissal, even by those who passionately want such a fighter and by boxing, which needs him desperately, trail the white heavyweight like another man's shadow. Personally, he can be psychotic, think that Police Commissioner Bull Connor is a sweet man who just eats too much or that *Valley of the Dolls* is a work of inspired genius, but in the ring he must perform, be the fighter that all the ancient gurus, who lie over 15¢ beers, claim all white heavyweights of another time once were.

Last week Jerry Quarry, neither psychotic nor stupid and far from immortality, defeated Floyd Patterson in the fourth and final quarterfinal match of the heavyweight elimination tournament. The bout, promoted by Aileen Eaton (*page 76*), attracted 5,300 paying customers to the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, 3,576 more to a closed-circuit television showing at the nearby Sports Arena and a national audience over ABC. But nobody at the Olympic threw any money into the ring, which is the custom there after a good fight and decision. This time they threw cups full of beer and other objects, none of which, refreshingly, could render one insensible. The fight itself—interesting and made exciting by Patterson's stout heart did not ignite the crowd. It was the decision—quite questionable if not completely recondite—that did.

Floyd Patterson has now fought 22 rounds with Quarry. In the first bout, which Patterson won—but officially was awarded only a draw—he was a victim of points and the curious California scoring system that allows the maximum of five points to the winner of a round and none to a loser. Quarry, after scoring two knockdowns, was given a total of 10 points. Patterson got only five points when he sent Quarry to the floor. Patterson won maybe six or seven rounds in that first 10-round fight. This second, which went 12 rounds, was similarly inequitable.

Twice last Saturday afternoon Patterson went down, in the second and fourth rounds. The first knockdown came after an exchange in a neutral corner. Quarry beat Patterson to the punch, and gunned him, sending him to a sitting position. Patterson was down on one knee in the fourth after catching a short right; it looked like a slip this time, but it was a knockdown, if not a very good one. Neither time was Patterson really hurt, and Quarry did not deserve more than one point. Yet one judge—who should have two weeks' rest and no visitors—gave Quarry three points for the poor second knockdown. One wonders what he would have given Quarry if Patterson had had to crawl back to his corner.

By then Patterson was in serious trouble on points; Quarry had won the second, third and fourth rounds, and Patterson had taken the first and fifth. He was behind on points by, say, 5–2 or 6–2, depending on the judge. Only a knockout or a shutout of Quarry the rest of the way could save the fight. Quarry realized this and stayed away from Patterson most of the time after the sixth, which Quarry won with some brilliant body punching that left Patterson frozen. After the sixth, it was practically Patterson's fight. Quarry just did not deliver.

The two judges scored the fight 7–6 each for Quarry, and the referee, who after the sixth round allowed Quarry to lie and hang on Patterson without punching, scored it a draw, 6–6. Patterson deserved at least a draw, indeed, had Quarry been given only one point for each of his knockdowns, Patterson would have won. He certainly won this fight on rounds 5–6–4 and two even. A fight should be judged on the basis of the complete picture, and in this bout Patterson was the picture.

The California point system gives too much latitude to judges to run amuck with their pencils on knockdowns. A knockdown is only a section of the fight. It is not the whole fight. The system also provides a device that certain boxers can use too effectively: get in front early and then disappear, an odious strategy that satisfies nobody. The fighter who is there to go 12 rounds if unlucky early is faced with a man who wants only to survive, or maybe at best wants simply to steal a round or two, which is what Quarry did. After the sixth he kept looking at the clock, and then near the end of a round he would start to flurry.

"What do they want us to do?" asked Johnny Flores, Quarry's co-manager. "We gambled to try to knock Floyd out early. If not, then we had to stay away. He's too dangerous. He's a professional. Jerry doesn't have the stamina."

"I knew I couldn't take him out after the sixth," said Quarry. "He's got too much heart."

"Jerry'll be a good fighter in two years," said Quarry's trainer, Teddy Bentham.

Bentham, not known for hyperbole or sophistry, is being, it seems, too restrained in his evaluation. Quarry, only 22, is a good fighter now. Those who so badly want a big, white heavyweight back at the pinnacle of boxing should not dismiss him or demand more of him than he has to give at this point, which is not inconsiderable. He is skillful and cruel to the body, is an instinctive puncher and he takes a good shot better than many heavies, past or present. He is no longer the crude, heavy-handed puncher of a year or so ago, and he knows how to think in the ring. He let Patterson take him to the ropes, where Floyd was so effective in the first fight, and he turned what was supposed to be one of his weaknesses into a strength. Patterson was knocked down both times after exchanges on the ropes.

"He's terribly strong," said Patterson, "and he takes an excellent punch. This makes Quarry's style even less comprehensible. A man who has the strength he has should be more aggressive. He utilizes only 35% of his ability. Here you have a man who is either cheating himself or the public. Or both."

Patterson then paused and asked "Was the fight exciting?"

Nobody answered, and Patterson continued: "I don't know, I got to ask myself that question all the time. But

Quarry never seems to ask that. He's not concerned whether the fight was satisfactory to the people who paid. A fighter with these credentials is soon discovered by the public for what he is—a fraud. I hope Jerry isn't."

Patterson came close to unraveling Quarry. He is not a fraud, but there is something very wrong with Quarry as a fighter. He is lazy and seems to lack the raw desire of great fighters. And he has been pampered for far too long by the people in boxing's hierarchy in California. It is almost certain that he never wanted to be a fighter in the first place. His mother supposedly shoved him into the ring—and it is quite probable he will not labor in the sport long, whether he becomes the champion or not. He is not timid, which was a charge once made by many who had followed him, but he is fearful of one day looking like the classic pug. Already his young face has turned hard and is slowly beginning to resemble the faces you see gazing emptily out in the yellow light of arena lobbies.

But Quarry's real problem is himself and the confusion and insensitivity that surrounds him. He wants to be an individual, yet his family, which interests itself even in his marriage, holds a tight rein on him. Professionally he is also caught in a choking web, which has been woven by his managers, Flores and his father, Jack Quarry. Father Jack wants to be the mastermind behind his son, and has for a long time been trying to remove Flores from the scene. Flores, the original manager, gave Jack half of his interest because he wanted the father to see that Jerry did his roadwork every day. Father Jack, who reminds one of an Alabama deputy sheriff, was never effective in this duty. He wants to sign contracts and tends to bore promoters with his unspectacular oratory and his erratic demands. He has succeeded in being only a monumental and distracting nuisance to the progress of his son. After the Eddie Machen fight, in which Jerry (in poor condition) was given a boxing lesson, father Jack wanted to sell his half to Flores. "He's not going anywhere," he said. Later he suddenly changed his mind, which is unfortunate for Jerry and all those who have to listen to father Jack.

Patterson could have buttoned up the old man in last week's fight and stalled Quarry temporarily, but he is fighting from memory now. His skills have been diminished. He was too left-hook conscious in this bout, and his punches, lacking that punishing snap they once had, were too wide. He kept waiting, waiting just that fraction of time too long before he dug in behind the jab and exploded violently to the head. Patterson, even with his graying talent, has all the fine moves of a superb fighter, but with his style it is necessary to have a chin. "Yeah," said Thad Spencer, the No. 1-ranked heavyweight according to the WBA (and third behind Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier according to *The Ring* magazine). "It's too bad, Floyd's legs ought to sue his chin for nonsupport."

Yet Patterson persists in his solitary journey, and few can understand why. He has money, though not as much as he once had, a fact with which he is not greatly concerned anyway. He is more disturbed by the way he and his money have been used. "I thought," he said before the second Quarry fight, "that friends were special people, that you do for them and they would do as much for you if they had the means and the opportunity. The rats left the sinking ship when they thought I was through. I don't fight because I need money. I've more than enough to live on, but if I were retired what would I do? Boxing is the one thing I know. It is what I do best. It scares me when I stop to think what I would be able to do if I quit fighting."

But it is not the money or the lack of something better to do that keeps Patterson in boxing. For him it is a way of life, the kind of life that has cost him his wife and more than once has driven him into monastic seclusion. "You have no idea the way it is," he says. "You're out there with all those people around you, and those cameras and the whole world looking in, and all that movement, that excitement. But the real thing, the thing that sends it right through you, is the moment two strange men seek each other out. They come together and find out who will succeed and who will fail. There is no other competition like it in the world."

Half of this solemn man's life has been spent in dusty gyms and on lonely roads preparing for those evenings, or for the evening that will finally give him peace. Perhaps his commitment to his profession, his invulnerable pride are what draw people to him and make his sorrow in defeat everybody's sorrow. Even in Los Angeles, Quarry's home, he was the center of attention and had the majority of the people behind him.

After the fight a huge crowd surrounded Patterson on the parking lot. He answered questions quietly, signed autographs and made at least two women cry by his presence. On the other side of the parking lot Quarry's brother was in a fight with a detractor until the police came. At this point Jerry's mother walked up and said coldly to another Quarry: "Mike, why didn't you step in and whip him? You could have."

"Hell," someone said, "the old lady's got more guts than Jerry."

Later that night Quarry returned to the warm circle of his friends. The champagne popped, but he really only deserved a warm beer. **END**



Strong at end, Floyd still could not KO Quarry

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

Dartmouth's field-goal kicker thought he had lost the game when he missed with a minute to play, but a penalty gave him another chance and Harvard was defeated in a wild battle of Ivy League unbeatens **by PETE AXTHELM**

Don Chiofaro's bright eyes were clouded and his heavy black eyebrows were lowered in a frown. The captain of the Harvard football team looked worried, just the way football players are supposed to look before big games. A day later Harvard would play Dartmouth in a game that might well decide the Ivy League championship, and Chiofaro was talking about the effect it had on him. "I haven't given too much thought to the game," he said. "I just came out of a wicked class in a psychology course that I'm really involved in. It's a group of 25 people, a study of how we all interact. Everybody is very frank and it can get pretty brutal. When you're concerned about something like this course, you don't have time to worry or lose sleep over a game."

Chiofaro is a social relations major and a linebacker, in that order. His crises—like those of most Ivy League athletes—occur on weekday mornings as well as Saturday afternoons. Last week he had three bad moments. The first came in class when some intellectuals said that they thought football was kind of a silly pastime. "I know you're entitled to your opinion," Don said politely. "And I respect you for it. But, frankly, I'd like to come over there and break you in half."

The second was in the same class, in a discussion of what the people in the group stood for. "I told one nice girl that she was the mother image," he said. "And she got furious, because she thought she should be the sex symbol."

The worst moment of all came late Saturday afternoon when Chiofaro sprawled helplessly in the Dartmouth backfield as Pete Donovan's last-minute field-goal attempt went through the uprights to win for Dartmouth 23–21.

In a game full of the exuberant hitting, razzle-dazzle plays and costly mistakes that mark most Ivy contests, Dartmouth had blown a 20–0 lead and come back again to win on a bizarre final drive that included two important penalties and two chances to make one field goal. Once in those last hectic moments it appeared that Harvard would stop Dartmouth outside the 20-yard line, but a roughing penalty took the ball in to the 12. Harvard held again, and on fourth down Donovan missed a field goal from the 14-yard line—but Harvard was offside. Given a second chance, Donovan succeeded, and Harvard lost a game it could easily have won.

Bob Blackman, the winning coach, was ready with all the clichés about marvelous team efforts and breaks deciding the game. He said it would be unfair to single out any one boy who made a mistake in such a fine game. But Harvard's Chiofaro, who likes classes in which everybody is frank and honest, disagreed. He sat for a few moments in the silent Harvard locker room, wiping the dirt from his swarthy face and smiling weakly at people who congratulated him on his good effort. Someone said it was too bad the team had been offside on the field goal. "It was me," Don said. "I lined up offside."

Chiofaro, of course, had done enough good things to make up for his one costly error. He had nothing to be ashamed of. But even if he had played horribly all the way, he would have looked back on the game with the same honesty and perspective—an attitude that comes from playing college football mostly for fun. "I get very intense about the game," he says. "I think it gets to mean as much to me as it does to somebody in the Big Ten. But I'm an intense person, and I get intense about other things, too."

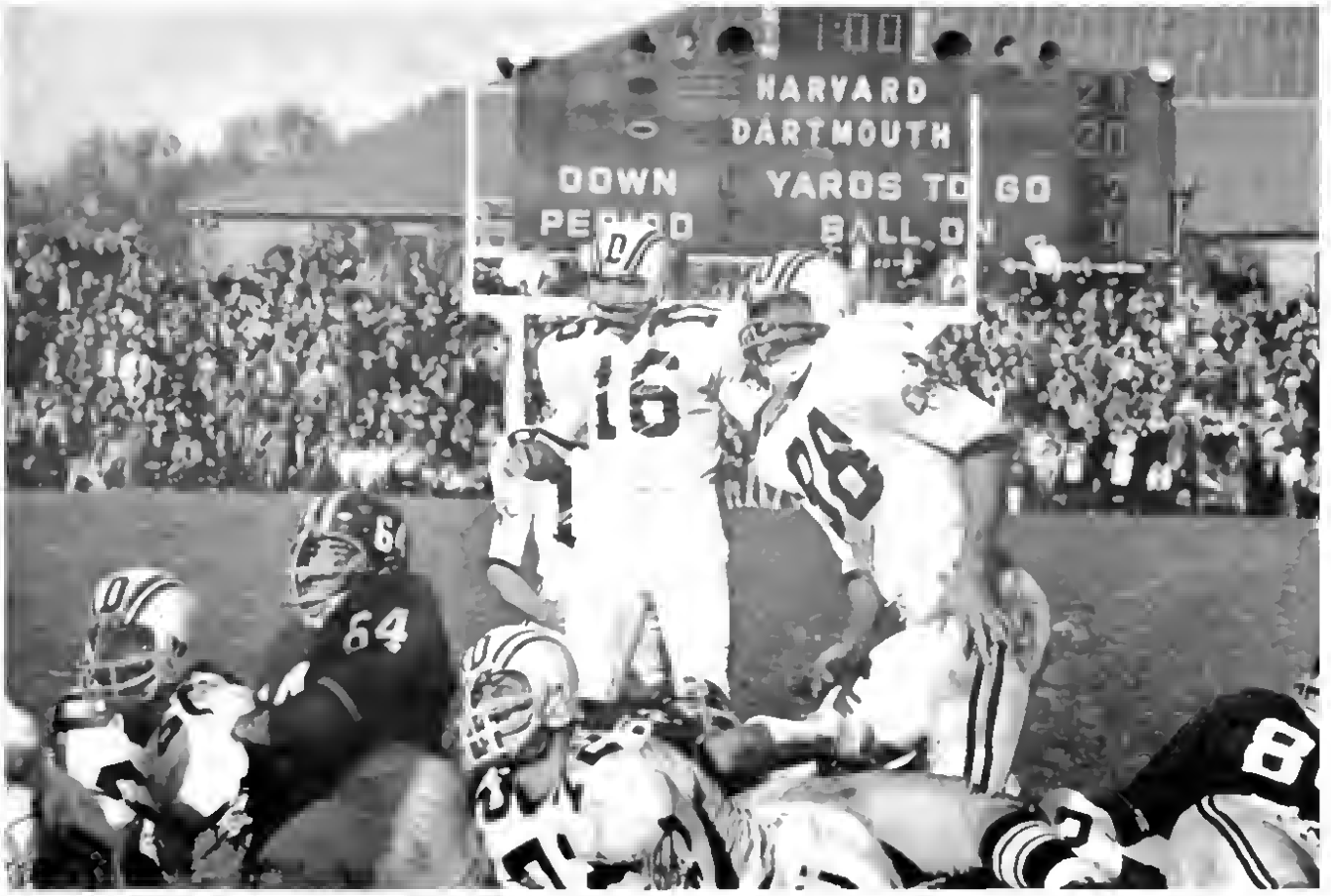
The Harvard campus was concerned last week with a number of things other than an impending battle between undefeated teams. There was a sit-in protesting a campus recruiter from a chemical company that makes napalm used in Vietnam, and there was planning for a larger sit-in to greet recruiters from the Central Intelligence Agency. There was anger over a local mayor who had declared war on hippies, and concern over FBI men who were on campus to investigate draft resisters. Even the half-time shows at the game reflected the general mood. The Dartmouth marching band presented a good-natured look at hippies, forming the shape of a homb and changing it to a flower, but the Harvard band drew louder cheers by forming the word "Tax" and changing it to "Pax."

"A football player probably gets less attention on campus now than a leader of protests against the war," said Lee Simowitz, managing editor of *The Harvard Crimson*. "But you couldn't say that football has lost its popularity. Guys are paying scalpers' prices for tickets this week."

Those who paid received a diversion from studies and worries as good as anything the Ivy League has offered in some time. The day was bright and the rooters on both sides were inspired to heights of enthusiasm by school loyalties.

"Harvard-Yale is a rivalry built on similarities and mutual respect," explained one Harvard man. "Harvard-Dartmouth is built on differences." This is true. The game matches a city school against a country school, conservative Coach John Yovicsin against Blackman and his high-pressure style, and a limited recruiting program against the most efficient one in the league. So Dartmouth is always strong, and Harvard is often weak. Yet in the last decade the teams have split their 10 games.

Dartmouth started Saturday's game as if it would settle the issue very quickly. Quarterback Gene Ryzewicz and Running Backs Dave Boyle and Steve Luxford gained ground consistently on sweeps, while the Harvard offense was slowed by fumbles and weak passing. Dartmouth took the opening kickoff 70



All eyes are on the near goalpost as Dartmouth's Pete Donovan (16) watches his game-winning field goal soar over the bar. The most discouraged Harvard player is Captain Don Chiofaro (64), who gave Donovan a second try when he lined up offside on the previous kick which missed.

yards to the Harvard one-foot line, but a penalty and a long loss stopped the drive. The Indians were not discouraged, and just kept coming at the beleaguered Harvard defense. "Their line outweighed us," said Blackman later, "and their ends played in pretty tight. So our plan was to run around them. We showed early that we could do it." Dartmouth scored after recovering a Harvard fumble in the second period, and ground out another touchdown drive to lead 14-0 at the half. When Ryzewicz scored on a short run in the third period the result appeared to be strictly academic.

But when it comes to football games, nothing is academic in the Ivy League. Late in the third period Dartmouth had the ball third and 14 deep in its own territory. Blackman ordered a quick kick. It was a logical enough move for a team ahead by three touchdowns, and one which immediately backfired. Bill Koenig's punt traveled only 21 yards to the Dartmouth 39. Ric Zimmerman, the Harvard quarterback who had completed two of his first 14 passes and fumbled twice, suddenly started doing things quite well. Second-string Halfback Ray Hornblower, who replaced Will Stargel in the third period, contributed some very good runs, and Harvard found it could move as Hornblower scored the first touchdown. Three minutes later Bill Cohh blocked a Dartmouth punt that was recovered on the two-yard line, and from there tough little Halfback Vic Gatto scored. On the second play after the following kickoff, Tom Wynne, who was substituting for Harvard's injured safety man, John Tyson, intercepted a pass. With Gatto carrying on five of the six plays, the Crimson went 19 yards for its third touchdown in less than seven minutes and took an astonishing 21-20 lead.

"After Wynne's interception," said Blackman, "I would have bet anything Harvard would score. They were really up. But I also thought we could come back again." And Dartmouth did, with Ryzewicz directing a slow, grinding march from his own 25 that moved the ball deep into Harvard territory. Then, with a second and eight on the 22, Ryzewicz swept to his left on a play that had worked well all day, but End Bob Hoffmann broke down the blocking and forced Gene out of bounds for no gain. "My arm was over his shoulder as I hit him and my hand hit his face mask," Hoffmann said. "I didn't grab it. But the ref called it on me."

The 15-yard penalty brought the ball close enough for a Dartmouth field-goal attempt, but on the sidelines sophomore Pete Donovan was praying for a touchdown. "I was really nervous," he said. "I sure hoped I wouldn't have to go out there." But he did have to go out there, and even if he needed two tries he managed to win the game.

The victory did not guarantee any championships—Dartmouth must face a very good Yale team this week—but it was a sweet win to get, and Blackman beamed as he shook the hand of each of his players. Across the field house in a quieter dressing room, Yovicsin moved slowly among the lockers, putting an arm around each of his men. "We were good and so were they," said Guard Al Bersin. "We have no sour grapes." Other players just sat and stared silently at the floor. "Keep your heads up," growled an assistant coach. "You're Harvard men." **END**

'I SHALL BE BACK FOR ANOTHER BASH'

So writes an incomparable Grand Prix driver of his first go at U S stock car racing in Sunday's rich Rockingham, N C 500, in which Ford's Bobby Allison ended Chrysler's winning streak

by JIM CLARK with KIM CHAPIN

At Rockingham a friend said that for me to drive a stock car was about as appropriate as Sugar Ray Robinson in a hockey uniform Perhaps But I had come to North Carolina deliberately to get involved in a completely different type of motor sport. In 1963 I went to the Indianapolis 500 in much the same way and, fortunately, won that race two years later

I was generally pleased with the whole setup. There seems to be a genuine hospitality and friendliness in the people down there, and I got on quite well During the week I became particularly good friends with Bobby and Donnie Allison. As it turned out, they were a fortuitous choice, because Bobby, driving a Ford prepared by ex-Driver Fred Lorenzen, won the race last Sunday—the first major victory of his career and a $16,075 purse. Somebody had said this was to be a summit meeting among Richard Petty of NASCAR, Indy's A J Foyt and me, representing Grand Prix racing, but the three of us never had a chance to dice [Petty retired with a smashed radiator after 191 laps; Foyt finished fourth]

During the first two days at Rockingham everything went quite well, although it rained most of Wednesday, the first day of qualifying Around 3 p m. when I first got into the Ford that Holman & Moody had prepared for me, I only managed 109 mph, but by the end of the day I had worked up to nearly 114. By midday Friday I felt that both I and the car were progressing quite nicely, turning laps at 116 mph —and then a wheel came off and I went into the fence That set me back 24 hours and was nearly disastrous since I still hadn't qualified the car That morning the brakes had given me a bit of trouble I really didn't have any—so we naturally decided to change them

After lunch we decided to qualify the car immediately, and when I took my fast warmup lap I felt a vibration in the fourth turn. I thought it might have something to do with the brakes, but they seemed to be working all right, and so I didn't think more about it and decided to carry on. I got the green flag to begin the four-lap qualifying run on the tight, one-mile oval, but halfway through the west turn the right front wheel suddenly parted company and disappeared up over the horizon. I cranked the steering wheel over and tried to keep the car away from the rail, but there was really no place to go and I didn't have much choice I hit the guardrail rather hard

On Saturday afternoon, after the wheel hub, a lot of sheet metal and a few other things had been replaced, I finally got the car in the race, but even then it was a bit touchy. Qualifying for places 25 through 30 closed at 2:15, and at 2:12 I was waved onto the track just as J. T. Putney blew his engine after completing





Jim Clark (left) skins past one of Rockingham's accident scenes in car No 66 He follows Don White's Dodge as wreckers pick up Jack

his four laps. He hit the guardrail in the No 1 turn and left oil all over the track. Fortunately, the NASCAR officials let me make my run, and I qualified in 25th place with a speed of 114.349 mph, nearly three mph down to the fastest man.

For a driver in a new type of car on an unfamiliar course, becoming acquainted with the traffic was the big problem, not because I'm not used to driving close, but because of not knowing what the other fellow is trying to do. What should I expect if, say, I was pinned to the wall or somebody closed the gate on me in a turn? In my first year at Indianapolis, for example, I started fifth but quickly dropped back to 13th and sat just watching the other drivers.

Getting oriented on the course was a problem, too. Unlike a road course, there were no trees or houses or things like that to gauge a shutoff point on the turns. The most valuable thing Bobby Allison, who very kindly showed me the course in detail, did was to point out a black smear on the grandstand on the way into No. 1 which I could use. Drivers will employ anything they can as a shutoff signal, even a red sweater in the grandstand. This is fine, except what happens halfway through the race when the person wearing the sweater decides to move another 100 feet or so deeper into the turn? You suddenly have all sorts of troubles.

The other problem was getting used to the car itself. My Fairlane weighed around 4,000 pounds, or nearly four times as much as my Lotus-Ford Formula I racer, but the engine put out only about 100 more horsepower. That difference made the stocker feel like an overweight truck. The brakes didn't feel terribly good, and the throttle response was very strange. In a Formula car the throttle is everything, but in the stock car it was a bit of a blop. Everything happened so slow. There was very little feeling and no rapid acceleration. No big kick in the back. You just thundered along, and it didn't seem to make a tuppenny ha'penny damn whether you were on half throttle or full. But I suppose I'm spoilt in that line. However, the steering and balance were delicate by comparison.

But still, driving in heavy traffic—44 cars on a mile track—was the biggest task. Earlier in the week, when I had the track pretty much to myself, another driver said, "Clark's smart enough to stay away from anything now, but Sunday it'll be a different story. The first time he gets bumped from both sides at the same time he won't know which way to go."



Bowsher's bent Ford (No. 1) and Bobby Wawak's Plymouth and trackman mop up spilled oil.

Luckily, that never happened, although I understand it occurs quite frequently in stock car racing. It seems to be part of the game. I started in the middle of the field and, as in my first year at Indy, just studied the field for several laps. Then I began picking off a few of the slower cars and got up beside Don White in his Dodge Charger. Although I had never raced him, I at least knew him to be an experienced driver and knew we could have a race without anything silly happening. This lasted for a few laps and was about the only extended bit of close racing I did. I avoided two bad accidents early in the going, although I did carry somebody's bumper around for a few laps.

About 100 miles into the race I felt the engine hang. At the time I wasn't sure what it was, although it turned out to be a dropped valve which put me out of the race 40 miles later. I was able to keep on driving for a few laps, though, and did have a rather hilarious dialogue with my pit crew.

After I felt the engine hang, I came around and pointed at it. They flashed a sign: ENGINE HOT?

The next lap I shook my head and held seven fingers out the window, as best I could, to indicate I thought I was missing a cylinder.

OIL PRESSURE? they asked when I came around the next time.

No.

NO BITE? they tried.

No.

ENGINE MISSING? was the question on the following lap.

Aah, success. I nodded.

2ND IGNITION? they showed, indicating I should try the car's backup starting system. I did. It didn't cure the problem.

Finally, I pitted, on the 125th lap. The crew could find nothing immediately out of order, and I took the car out again, all along having the horrible thought that at any moment now the whole lot was going to blow asunder. It was obvious something *was* wrong, and 19 laps later I retired—peacefully, as it happened.

My first venture in stock car racing was over, and I came away from it quite impressed, if for no other reason than it takes a lot of stamina and ability to wheel those huge cars around 1,000 turns in five hours. When the opportunity next presents itself, I shall look forward to having another bash at it. **END**



ALMOST TOO GOOD TO PLAY

Dan Reeves of the Dallas Cowboya did many things well, but he was superior at nona, or so scouts said before he became a runnar and revealed his true talent—an ability to make the big move **by TEX MAULE**

If there is one talent that coaches agree has made Dan Reeves (*see cover*), the not-so-big back in the Dallas Cowboys' attack, the kind of valuable property on which championships are built, it is a certain genius for producing the big play at the appropriate moment. And if there is one talent that is almost impossible to spot, even in this day of computerized scouting reports and sophisticated bird-dog networks, it is a prospect's ability to produce the big play. Reeves, who already this season has saved one game with a 36-yard touchdown in the last 10 seconds, knows the problem of recognition only too well. He has been playing football the last eight or so years with an intelligence and verve that should have had college and pro coaches swarming at his heels. None did. Until last season, when Reeves became the NFL's sixth-leading rusher, almost nobody had even heard of him.

The massive indifference toward the achievements of Daniel Edward Reeves began at Americus High School in Americus, Ga., where he was a quarterback. He was graduated in 1961, and not one of the big southern schools, as sensitive to football ability in a high school senior as litmus paper is to acid, came running. Only South Carolina offered Reeves a scholarship, which he accepted gratefully. A few months later, after Reeves had played in a Georgia state high school all-star game and come away with the most-valuable-player trophy, nine or 10 other universities suddenly recognized something they had previously overlooked and bid for his services. But Reeves, no doubt contributing to his own future obscurity, remained with his first choice.

Those were not good years for the Gamecocks, despite everything Reeves could do for them. He spent the usual



REEVES IN ACTION cuts back into lane behind Dallas blockers after faking out defenders

four years at South Carolina, was first-string quarterback for three and twice was voted second-string all-conference quarterback. More comfortable running than throwing, he set 10 school records for advancing a football by land and air. In 1964 against strong Nebraska, champion of the Big Eight, he passed for 348 yards.

And what was the effect of all these bright accomplishments on the people who are supposed to know? Exactly zero. Dan Reeves finished his college career in such a blaze of indifference that he was not even asked to play in any of the numerous all-star games that drag the fall season limply into early spring. Reeves was neither surprised nor disappointed by this, but he was shocked at the treatment he received from the pros. At the time of his graduation the AFL and NFL were locked in a frantic struggle for college talent, and pro scouts infested the college-football body politic as heavily as fleas on a Georgia setter.

"I figured I'd be a late draft choice," Reeves said in the dressing room of the Dallas Cowboys the other day. "I didn't think I could cut it as a quarterback, but I played a lot defensively, and I thought I'd be drafted for a look on defense. I was stunned when no one took me, because a few of the clubs had talked to me and said they were interested. One of them was the Los Angeles Rams, and the scout said they would have to take me because the president of the Rams has the same name I have."

It was because the two had the same name that the Rams did not draft Reeves. Dan Reeves, the one who owns the Rams, explained two years after his namesake had sidled into the NFL unsung and almost unwanted why his club let him get away. "We thought we would be accused of a publicity stunt," Reeves said ruefully. "What I should have done was draft him and change *my* name."

As it was, no one drafted the football-playing Reeves. When the draft was over representatives of Dallas and the San Diego Chargers offered him contracts, and he chose the Cowboys.

"I wanted to try the National Football League first," Reeves said. "Then, if I didn't make it, I could always give it a shot with the other league. I wanted a warm-weather club, so I was glad Dallas offered me a job. I knew I wouldn't get a chance at quarterback, because the Cowboys had drafted Craig Morton and Jerry Rhome. They drafted four or five running backs, too, so it never occurred to me that I would get to run. I could have signed to play baseball with Pittsburgh, but I couldn't see playing every day. It's a kind of a rat race."

Reeves, a natural athlete who made the all-state basketball team in high school, was an exceptional baseball prospect. As a right fielder at South Carolina he was almost always coming up with the clutch play. It is just as well for the Cowboys that he did not heed the Pirates' summons. It was Reeves's amazing performance in 1966 that helped Dallas to its first division championship and almost to the league title. One of the main reasons why Dallas had not won consistently before was that the team lacked a halfback who could take some of the running load from the shoulders of Fullback Don Perkins.

At the end of the 1965 season, Reeves's career being what it had been, nobody expected that he would be the halfback Dallas was looking for. He had managed to stick with the Cowboys during his rookie year by making himself valuable to the kickoff and punt suicide squads, the special teams with such high casualty rates that they are populated almost exclusively by expendables.

"I never played on special teams in college," says Reeves. He has a strong, almost dour face and, although he is an articulate man, he hesitates before he speaks, considering what he will say. "But I enjoyed it with this club. We had a lot of spirit on the special teams. And I would have been very happy no matter what I did. For a long time I was afraid I was going to be cut."

A preseason game last year with the Minnesota Vikings did nothing to alleviate Reeves's fears. "I'd been playing defensive back, flanker and running back," he recalls, "but I didn't figure I was burning up the course. They told me I'd play the second and fourth quarters against the Vikings as a running back. I got the feeling I better have a pretty good second and fourth quarter or I'd be on my way."

That game hardly provided the most auspicious climate for the blossoming of a rookie. Norman Van Brocklin, the irascible coach of the Vikings, was intent on proving to the pro football world that his expansion team was better than Dallas's, and he kept his first team in action all afternoon. The final score was 57-17, Minnesota. Tom Landry, the unemotional coach of the Cowboys, concentrated instead on his young players, trying to evaluate them as future pros.

"Nobody looks very good in a game like that," Reeves said. "I know I didn't. I played the second, third and fourth quarters, but I didn't do much until just before the game ended. Then I caught a pass and went 67 yards for a touchdown, and I guess that play is why I'm in the league now."

Ermal Allen, the competent backfield coach of the Cowboys, says now that the Cowboys were really not about to cut Reeves, no matter what he thought. "He always had the ability to make the big play," Allen said. "We saw that in the rookie scrimmages we had with the Rams. Because of injuries to our backs,

continued

Danny had to play a lot at halfback on offense, although we hadn't really thought much of him as a running back until then. He broke loose for a long run for a touchdown and finished the run limping when he pulled a hamstring. But he showed us a lot on offense. We knew he would be good. We didn't know *how* good."

The Cowboys only began to find out how good Reeves could be early in the 1966 season after Landry, desperate for an outside threat, shifted All-Pro Safety Mel Renfro to offense. Renfro, a broad jumper and a 9.6 sprinter as well as an elusive back, was hurt in the opening game against the New York Giants, and Reeves was thrown into the breach as a stopgap halfback.

He turned out, much to his own and everybody else's surprise, to be much more than that. The Cowboys walloped New York—no great feat in view of the horrendous record the Giants managed over the rest of the season—but Reeves scored three touchdowns on passes of one, two and 19 yards from Don Meredith, caught six passes in all for 120 yards and carried the ball six times for 38 yards. By the time the sun had set in Dallas he was a legitimate offensive star, and Renfro, still languishing on the bench, was headed back to defense, although the Cowboy coaches were still not sure of that.

They were quite positive after the next game against the Vikings, the club that had provided Reeves with the opportunity to make the Cowboys in the first place. Dallas won 28–17 with Reeves carrying the ball 13 times for 81 yards and a touchdown. Reeves wound up the season not only leading the team in rushing but finishing second in pass receiving and scoring and completing three of the six option passes he tried for a total gain of 48 yards. He was picked on one All-Pro team at the end of the year.

"I would be a liar if I said I wasn't surprised by the season I had," he said the other day. "It was like a dream to me. I was lucky to stick as a rookie. How could I expect to have a year like that?"

It is almost an understatement to say that he should not have. Reeves does not have the speed, moves, size or quick starting ability of most good pro running backs. All he has is a remarkable ability to do things he has no right to do.

"He has good speed," says Allen, "not great, but good. But he doesn't have a quick start. We worked on that with him for a long time, but that's something you're born with, and we couldn't teach it to Dan. Guys like Jim Taylor, Jim Grabowski, they have quick starts. They hit the hole so fast the linebacker can't react before they're gone, but not Dan. He's more of a picker. He picks his way until he can turn upfield, then he's real good. He has good top speed and good moves."

Reeves, probably more than anyone else, recognizes his shortcomings, but he feels that his experience as a quarterback in college has helped him as a runner in pro football. "I learn all the assignments on every play," he says, "so I know what everyone is going to do. It helps me set up blocks, and I think that is my major asset as a runner. I can use a head fake to freeze a linebacker or defensive back and give the blocker a chance to take him. It helps."

Landry agrees with Reeves. "He reminds me of Doak Walker," he says. "He has that same ability to figure out what he'll have to be doing 30 yards downfield. Of course, he's bigger and stronger than Doak. He's a little like Paul Hornung, but he doesn't have Hornung's power."

The Cowboys use Reeves the way the Packers used Hornung, particularly on the halfback option play that Hornung worked so well. Hornung, too, was a quarterback in college, an All-America at that, but he probably was not as accurate a passer as Reeves, who, Landry says, is as good as anyone at getting the ball to the precise spot.

"He's a sprint-out passer, and I wouldn't recommend his style for everyone," Landry says, "but he gets the ball there. We don't throw a lot of halfback passes because they don't fit in with our offense, but we call one maybe every other game, just to give the other defense something to think about. We tried one a couple of weeks ago and the receiver was bracketed. An ordinary halfback, if he had tried to throw into that kind of coverage, would probably have had an interception. Dan threw the ball just where the receiver had a chance to catch it, but neither of the defenders could reach it. It was incomplete, but it was a good throw and the best he could do under the circumstances."

Reeves's many talents help him now where before they were a handicap. Professional football is so thoroughly a game of specialists these days that the player who can pass, run and kick well, but who cannot do any one of these things superbly, has less of a chance to make a pro club than a Hungarian soccer player who can place-kick 40-yard field goals.

"It's different in high school and college," Reeves says. "You can get by if you can do a lot of things. It even helps. But when I came up to the Cowboys and saw passers like Meredith and Morton and Rhome I knew I wasn't going to beat out one of them. They had Renfro and Perkins for running backs and there wasn't any place for me there. They had great receivers and fine defensive backs, so things looked pretty bad for me for a while. I hadn't caught any passes in college, and running from a halfback set was completely strange for me since I would drop back and run or roll out as a T quarterback. The blocking assignments were different, too. I didn't block as a T quarterback unless I was leading the way on an option."

Reeves is stubborn, however, and he is not afraid to work. He was raised on his father's 275-acre farm outside of Americus, and long, hard hours have been a part of his life for as long as he can remember. "We used to get up about five o'clock in the morning," he said. "My dad raises hogs and cattle, and crops like corn, cotton and peanuts. I fed the hogs and cows, baled hay and plowed. Rush times, I'd start plowing at daybreak and stay out until 11 o'clock at night, using headlights on the tractor. Growing up on a farm is great for children. They learn a lot of responsibility, and they don't have any slack time to get in trouble. When I get through as a player I'd like to coach and own a farm, too, to raise my own kids on."

Reeves learned quickly with the Cowboys, though nothing came easily to him. "Training camp was nerve-wracking," he said. "I got beat up a lot in college playing quarterback, but the college linemen weren't that big. Or if they were big, they weren't that fast. I was shocked at the size and speed of the linemen in the pros. Six-five, 260 and they could run and hit a ton. They made me hustle.

"I found out my big problem as a halfback was getting comfortable in my stance. I had to learn to line up with my feet even so I wouldn't tip the play, and I had to force myself not to look at the ball when the quarterback gave it to me on a hand-off. You have to look for the hole. On some of our plays you have to explode to get to the hole, others you have to stay under control. You can see

continued



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I'm still learning about this. And I'm still working on my blocking."

Perkins helped Reeves on the blocks. Since the running backs usually have to pick up a blitzing linebacker who may weigh up to 250 pounds, it is a difficult technique to master. "You got to hit them quick, before they get going," Reeves said. "And it's a matter of being prepared mentally. Perkins taught me that. You have to be ready in your mind to pop quick. If you're not they'll roll right over you."

Reeves's slow start is something of a help in his ability to follow his blocks. "Slow as I am, I can't get out in front of them," Reeves says, grinning. "So I work with the guards a lot in practice, making fakes to freeze the defensive guy. If I get loose I've got good speed for up to about 40 yards, then I flatten out. A guy like Hayes, the farther he goes, the faster he gets. Funny thing, when I first came to camp I thought he'd be a cocky guy, with all his Olympic medals and all that big publicity. But he's such a great guy. And he's such a great football player."

Reeves has already produced a couple of big plays this year, the most notable being the 36-yard scoring pass he took from Meredith in the last 10 seconds to beat the Redskins 17–14. Dallas trailed 14–10 when the play was sent in from the bench. The Cowboy scouts had noticed that on a certain pattern isolating the Washington linebacker on Reeves the linebacker was wasting time checking the tight end in front of him, allowing Reeves a good start coming out of the backfield. The play worked to perfection, and Reeves grabbed Meredith's wobbly pass and outran Chris Hanburger, the linebacker, into the end zone.

"I get a bigger kick out of catching a pass like that than I do from cutting a long run," Reeves says. "I guess because it's more individual effort. On the run, once the blocks are applied and the route opens, you're gone. You're more on your own on the pass."

Although Reeves is a relatively even-tempered man, he is now at work trying to impose an even tighter control on what temper he has. He has not lost it so far this season; last year, when he had the ball stolen from him by an Eagle defender, he was kicked out of the game and fined after brushing against an official while protesting.

"I didn't get the money back," he said. "I nearly did the same thing in the Cleveland game this year, for another reason. Paul Wiggin tackled me right in front of our bench and, while we were lying there, darned if he didn't get a handful of my leg and give me a heck of a pinch. I kicked at him as hard as I could, and Coach Landry hollered at me, 'What you trying to do?' I complained to the official, and he said he had more things to do than watch to see if someone was pinching me. So I shut up. I carry the ball a lot, and I can't afford to run my mouth. You do that, and they start looking for you."

They are already looking for Reeves. The unwanted back has become one of the 10 most-wanted men in the NFL—by the opposing defense. **END**



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HOCKEY 1967–1968

CRASHING INTO A NEW ICE AGE

In pro sport's most ambitious expansion the National Hockey League embraces six new U.S. cities—and the season opens with major surprises in the East and West

by ***PETE AXTHELM***





The temperature reached 100° on both days of that mid-October weekend in southern California—not exactly the kind of weather that sends people out looking for ice hockey games to watch. The local sports scene was dominated by three winning football teams, USC, UCLA and the Rams. The Los Angeles Kings could hardly have found a less propitious time for their entrance into the National Hockey League, and the site of their debut—a temporary home rink down in Long Beach—seemed just as unfavorable. The team that was a near-unanimous choice for last place in the expansion division of the NHL appeared likely to begin its long season in solitude.

Yet the Kings drew a surprising crowd of 7,035 to their Saturday night opener, and managed to get 4,289 the next night even though two of the main freeways to Long Beach were accident-clogged. The Kings' play was even more startling. They beat both Philadelphia and Minnesota, and they did it without using the only legitimate major league veteran on the squad, injured Goalie Terry Sawchuk. Just six weeks after he took over a training camp squad made up of 72 largely unknown minor leaguers plus Sawchuk, rookie Coach Red Kelly had produced a club about as good—and certainly as enthusiastic—as any of the new entries in the league.

The Kings have set the tone for what undoubtedly will be the most exciting year in the history of big-league hockey. The NHL's dramatic expansion from six teams to 12—an effort to make Canada's national sport a coast-to-coast American enterprise as well—has changed the entire character of the game. Although it will take several years before the new clubs can match the old ones in talent, and it could take even longer before some of them draw the kind of crowds the established teams get, at this early stage one thing is clear: expansion has brought a welcome unpredictability to the NHL.

In the past big-league hockey was a tight little business controlled by a few powerful men. Elaborate farm systems and archaic draft regulations made it possible for strong organizations to lock up most of the talented players in Canada when they were about 16 and keep them as long as necessary. A team like the Montreal Canadiens could control so many young players that it always had ample replacements for anyone who retired or got hurt. So the good teams would remain good and the bad teams would remain bad for years at a time, and only a painstaking renovation of an entire network of scouts and farm teams could slowly breathe life into a weak club.

Now, with the possible, and temporary, exception of the Canadiens themselves, all that has changed. The available talent must be spread 12 ways instead of six, and the rules for drafting young players have been written to give every team a better chance. The result is that no club can establish the kind of depth that guarantees year after year of unchallenged success. A weak club can improve very fast by adding a few important men, and even a very good team can fall apart by losing some key men, because players will be harder to replace.

This fall's most striking example of the new look in the NHL is the sudden disaster that has befallen the Chicago Black Hawks. Last year the Hawks ran away with the league title, this season they lost their first six games. The Hawks, a balanced club last season, simply found that the depth was gone, and the balance with it. They lost Goalie Glenn Hall and the good Defenseman Ed Van Impe in the expansion draft. To bolster the defense they traded several competent forwards to Boston for Gilles Marotte—and found themselves left with only one first-rate center and a very weak third line. Crippling injuries, illnesses and a salary holdout by the remaining goalie, Denis DeJordy, compounded their troubles. Bobby Hull, scoring nine goals in nine games, strove mightily to carry the club alone, but no one can do that in the NHL. In their sixth game the Hawks suffered the major humiliation of the early season by losing to Los Angeles on their own Chicago Stadium ice. They had already lost to Pittsburgh on the road.

Of course, the Hawks will get much better when stars like Stan Mikita and Doug Mohns are healthy, and they will undoubtedly be contenders. But the point is that they will not dominate the league again. Nobody will. A few purists in Canada complain bitterly that expansion has hurt the overall quality of NHL play—and it has to some degree. But, more important, it has given the league, which too often has lacked even one close race involving several teams, the prospect of two such races this season.

The Western Division, made up of the six new clubs, obviously will be weaker than the Eastern—but not nearly as inferior as it appeared to be after the June draft meetings. The new teams were able to get good goalies and a number of solid defenders, but few top scorers. The ones they have only recently have been thrown together on new lines; it will take months before these lines can possibly function as smoothly as the best ones in the NHL. As a result, many games between the expansion teams will have low scores, and there may be an unusual number of ties.

But the new clubs have already shown that they can partly compensate for lack of finesse with enthusiasm and hustle. The players are minor leaguers who have never quite made it, NHL players cast off by their teams or kids eager to become stars. All are fighting to prove something, and many are fighting for their jobs. They make few accurate passes or classic plays but, even when far ahead or hopelessly behind, they never stop skating and checking. They are not going to lose a lot of 8–1 games to the older teams, and they should win a fair number of the 24 games each new club will play against the East.

"There's still a big difference between the divisions," says Red Sullivan, coach of the Pittsburgh Penguins, who narrowly missed tying Montreal in the opening game. "I'd say we're still four or five top players short of the old teams, and it may take a long time to get those players. But we'll certainly beat any team in the old division that takes us too lightly."

continued

BOBBY HULL in trouble (*top*) in a loss to the new Kings personifies Chicago's woe, in St. Louis, Goalie Glenn Hall is the big hope.

The owners of the new teams are gambling that the fans will not take them lightly. The six clubs have spent an estimated $65 million on franchise fees, stadiums and major and minor league players. The players' salary demands were not modest. Fringe players from the old clubs suddenly wanted to be paid like stars. Holdouts were common in both divisions—veterans on the older clubs were not about to be left out of the bonanza—and hockey players are perhaps paid more now in relation to their accomplishments than any other team athletes. "I didn't think we drafted any superstars until I got to the bargaining table," said Bill Putnam, president of the Philadelphia Flyers. "Some of the guys were asking 140% raises. We'll be paying over $300,000 to our players. The same men earned less than $150,000 last year."

All the new clubs will play in bright arenas that make places like the Boston Garden and Chicago Stadium seem more antiquated than ever. Minnesota and Philadelphia have opened in new stadiums, and Jack Kent Cooke's dazzling Forum in Los Angeles will be ready by January 1st. The rinks in Oakland, Pittsburgh and St. Louis are also modern, pleasant ones that should help the NHL sell its desired "image" as the "in" sport for wealthy businessmen who demand comfort and luxury. So far the only eyesores in these stadiums have been large, glistening blocks of empty seats. The biggest disappointment came when Los Angeles played the California Seals in Oakland in what was hailed as the start of a rivalry to match the Dodgers-Giants and Rams-49ers games. It drew 3,419 people.

Right now only Minnesota, which is in a real hockey area, and Los Angeles, which has the flamboyant Cooke and his Forum, look absolutely certain to succeed financially. St. Louis also seems a good bet, and Pittsburgh may be all right despite some disquieting rumors. The Philadelphia franchise appears to be a little shaky, and the Seals clearly will have to recruit some hockey fans in Oakland, since smug San Franciscans have always refused to cross the bridge and venture as far into the provinces as the nearby Coliseum. But all the owners are optimistic, claiming they need only a few seasons to "educate" new fans.

The Flyers could overcome many problems simply by winning, and they are the team most likely to do so in the evenly matched West. Van Impe would have been Rookie of the Year with Chicago if he had not arrived in the same season as Bobby Orr. In Boston, Joe Watson looked better than the flashier Marotte at times. He will join Van Impe in leading what may be the second-best defense in the division. The goalie is 22-year-old Doug Favell, who beat out the highly regarded Bernie Parent for the job and may become a big star.

The Flyers' attack is sporadic, but it is also young and capable of improving sharply. The key to it is Brit Selby, 22, who was the NHL's top rookie two years ago with Toronto. Last fall he came to camp overweight, was sent to the minors and then broke a leg. Punch Imlach hated to lose him in the draft, and Selby could become the kind of high scorer who can pick up a whole team. The average age of the Flyers is 26. Over the grueling 74-game season they are a good bet to persevere and win.

Pittsburgh has the best new offensive team, led by the experienced and much-traveled big-leaguers Ab McDonald and Andy Bathgate. Bathgate, one of the all-time NHL scoring leaders, is playing like a kid again and should lead all division scorers if he avoids injury. "Andy had announced his retirement, but I knew he still loved the game," said Sullivan. "I knew he'd come back. And I told him, 'Look, I don't want you coming to practice with the *Wall Street Journal* or the *Racing Form*, or I'll fire you. You play hockey now, and that's all.'" Among the Penguins Bathgate is a hero, and he is rising to the role.

The Pittsburgh defense is weak, but the goaltending looks surprisingly good. While neither Hank Bassen nor Les Binkley is too durable, they could complement one another well over the season.

California has the best defense in the division, headed by Kent Douglas and Bobby Baun, both tough and both overjoyed at their escape from the Maple Leafs. Douglas didn't like the hard practices in Toronto, Baun didn't like his salary, or Punch Imlach. The Seals work even harder under Bert Olmstead. "He makes Punch's practices look like nursery school," says Baun—but Douglas is accepting it and Baun loves it. "I feel like a young guy again," says Bobby, who is 31. "It's like starting all over—with the advantage of experience. I'm even learning new things, and I've regained the enthusiasm that I lost in Toronto." The Seals will also get good goaltending from Charlie Hodge, but they have very little offense. Bill Hicke, a failure at Montreal and New York, is finally scoring, but almost nobody else is. Olmstead, a fine checking wing himself, is emphasizing defense. He will have to find more scoring to finish higher than third.

Los Angeles will make the playoffs if Kelly can sustain the enthusiasm he generated in training camp. "They had to get in shape fast and work hard," says Red, "and I guess that shows in our fast start. They move, they don't give up



MONTREAL'S NEW SCORING WONDER, WINGER YVAN COURNOYER, FIRES SHOT ON GOAL

They want to show all those people who said they'd be so bad."

The Kings may also enjoy a unique form of home-ice advantage. Visiting hockey players who arrive in sunny southern California in midwinter and find swimming pools and girls in bathing suits have been known to forget what night the game is, or even how to play.

The Minnesota North Stars have a more normal home-ice edge—bigger crowds than anyone else. They also have an energetic manager-coach, Wren Blair, who is always looking for trades to strengthen his club. Unfortunately, Blair gave up a chance to get Claude Larose in the draft in order to deal with Montreal for more quantity, and thus hurt his offense. He has also traded the skilled Jean-Guy Talbot away for Bob McCord, a mediocre defenseman with a bad back. Most puzzling of all, he selected Cesare Maniago first in the draft, leaving himself with the weakest goaltending in the league.

There are six ex-Montreal players on the North Stars, including good ones like Dave Balon, Andre Boudrias and Mike McMahon. The team is fast and makes plays like a well-drilled unit, but Blair may have to make more trades.

The St. Louis Blues have the best goalie in all hockey, Glenn Hall. But Hall, 36, only played 32 games last year for Chicago. The Blues will be in trouble if he is injured or becomes exhausted, and since he is being asked to carry the club, Glenn could get pretty tired. His backup man is Seth Martin, the world's oldest rookie at 34.

Veterans Ron Stewart, Jim Roberts and Don McKenney are competent forwards, and newcomers Ron Schock and Larry Keenan are promising. But the St. Louis forwards have shown a tendency to get in one another's way. Venerable minor leaguer Al Arbour heads a modest defense that features brawling Bob Plager. Bob punches like Sonny Liston but sometimes skates like him, too. A great year from Hall could make the team a contender, anything else will be disastrous. Lynn Patrick, the manager-coach, presided over a long run of solid losers in Boston. He may be starting a new one in St. Louis.

The older teams begin the season with much the same personnel that finished out the last season. The difference is in the depth. The teams with the best remaining reserves—and the fewest injuries will be the most improved. Montreal should win. Toe Blake has largely the same club that finished second and went to the Stanley Cup finals last spring, and it would be hard to imagine the Canadiens suffering a series of injuries comparable to last season's.

Yvan Cournoyer, used mostly in attacking situations last season, now takes a full shift and is an early scoring sensation with nearly a goal-a-game average—and looks ready to become a superstar. Talented but moody Defenseman Jacques Laperriere is hitting harder. Jean Beliveau, plagued by injuries last year, will not be held to 12 goals this time around. And as usual, the team is sound down through the third line. "It's a funny thing," said Blake. "For years everybody has been saying that there aren't enough players to go around for 12 teams. Yet here we are—and we had better players in training camp than we ever had before."

Emile Francis of New York is in a similar position. Not only did he keep almost everyone out of the expansion draft—he actually *gained* by it, acquiring Larry Jeffrey in a post-draft deal with Pittsburgh. The Rangers also profit by the return of a healthy Jean Ratelle, the center who teams so well with high-scoring Wing Rod Gilbert. And with Ratelle back at his best, big Orland Kurtenbach moves down to give power and stability to the third line. The strong farm system that Francis has built virtually from scratch in the last three years also helps give the Rangers depth they have never enjoyed—and a chance for second place.

The Black Hawks have already spotted the leaders a lot of points. If all their stars return at once they can wipe out that margin in one dramatic winning streak. But any injury to Hull, Mikita, Kenny Wharram or Pierre Pilote would put them in trouble again. The Hawks leaned heavily on their nucleus of superstars for years—and never finished first. Last season they had balance and won easily, now they are back on the star system and may settle for third place.

The Toronto Maple Leafs, as usual, appear to have problems. With Sawchuk gone to Los Angeles they must depend on Johnny Bower, who will not play a full schedule at his age (which has been estimated as high as 48), and Bruce Gamble, who is inconsistent. The regular defense consists of three old men and a rookie named Duane Rupp. The forwards are young and talented, but once again the Leafs are rated the team most likely to drop out of the playoffs.

And once again Imlach will somehow get them there—probably by finishing fourth. Then Bower will suddenly be 21 again, and the old defensemen will come to life and the kids will show that they have finally come into their own. Old Punch will throw in his usual dash of profanity and psychology and come very close to stealing one more Stanley Cup.

Milt Schmidt, new general manager of the Boston Bruins, made the best trade of the season when he got Centers Phil Esposito and Freddie Stanfield and Wing Ken Hodge from Chicago. For the first time in years the Bruins have a potent offense. They also have Bobby Orr, the league's best offensive defenseman last year, who should be the best all-round defenseman with the experience he gained. If Schmidt can avoid the disputes that arose last year between management and players like Ted Green and Ed Johnston, he and young Coach Harry Sinden should have a club that can give Toronto a good fight for the last playoff spot.

In Detroit Sid Abel is using two rookies on defense and hopefully predicting that Goalie Roger Crozier can reverse the atrocious season he had in 1966-67—a doubtful proposition. Gary Bergman could duplicate his good second half of last year, Howie Young could be more consistent, the rookies could work out and the Red Wing defense would then augment the good offense, and the club would make the playoffs. But this is a lot to ask, and, in addition, the offense may fall off a bit. Gordie Howe, Alex Delvecchio *et al.*, are growing old very gracefully, but they are still growing old.

The NHL has adopted a fairly silly plan for the Stanley Cup playoffs. Each division will have its own four-team playoff, and then the two winners will meet, sometime around the middle of May, in what could be one of sport's most memorable anticlimaxes. Imagine, for instance, the Canadiens battling through brutal seven-game series with both Chicago and Toronto, and then heading off for Philadelphia or Pittsburgh to play a team they have beaten something like three out of four times? Sounds like a sad mismatch—almost as sad as it sounded last June when people talked about the first time the Los Angeles Kings had to play at Chicago.

CONTINUED



KEEP YOUR EYE ON AN EXCITING GAME

by HECTOR (TOE) BLAKE with MARK MULVOY

The author, coach of the Montreal Canadiens since 1955—senior coach in the NHL—has piloted the swift-skating Habitants to eight pennants and seven Stanley Cup championships. As a player he scored 235 goals in 13 seasons with the Canadiens, winning fame as left wing on the incomparable Punch Line with Maurice (Rocket) Richard and Elmer Lach. Blake was the NHL's Most Valuable Player for 1938–1939

Hockey is the fastest team sport in the world and, to me, the most difficult of all games to play and watch. Performing on skates, the player must move with his head up at all times to avoid body checks and errant sticks and still manage to control a little black puck at the end of his own stick. He must keep his balance and his composure, too—despite severe body contact, and he must handle passes that are directed into his skates or pads or body without breaking his skating stride.

And what about the goaltenders, those lonely men who guard the cages at opposite ends of the hockey rink and who receive all the blame for a loss but rarely get the credit for a win? They know that at any minute a Bobby Hull or a Gordie Howe, a Stan Mikita or a Jean Beliveau might skate in all alone and slap that hard, cold disk at them from 20 or 25 feet away at speeds of 100 mph and better. It is the speed and continuous movement of players and puck that make the spectator's job a demanding one. He is rewarded for alertness and concentration, penalized for inattention and mental laziness.

With expansion, probably a million people are being exposed to major league hockey for the first time and thus are being given the opportunity to become expert major league fans. I think they are in for a treat. The new clubs all have some players who are so anxious to prove themselves that they are quite capable of giving a superhuman effort against the established teams. It is true that the expansion teams do not yet have any superstars, but collectively their players should show the teamwork that makes good, exciting hockey.

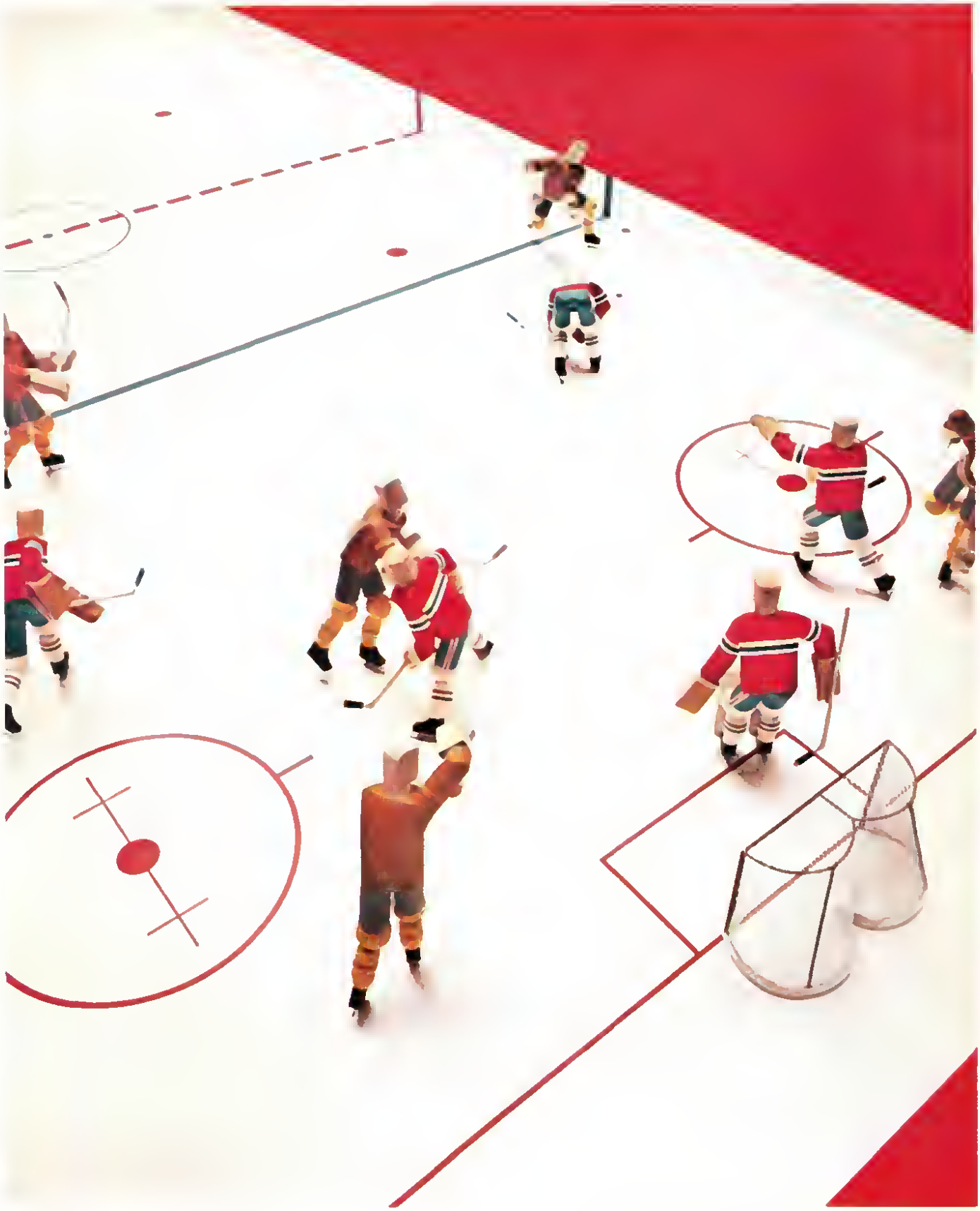
Before I go to the techniques of the game, I would like to make one appeal to all fans: do not throw anything onto the ice. Many promising hockey careers have been ruined or imperiled because a thoughtless spectator has thrown a penny or a bottle cap or a pin, and in the heat of action a player has skated over it, lost his balance and slammed uncontrollably into the boards. Rod Gilbert, the fine right wing of the New York Rangers, has had two back operations already because of injuries he suffered in just such an accident, and it is amazing that he plays today as well as he does.

The first rule for watching a hockey game is to keep your eyes on the puck. If you don't you will miss 90% of the action. You don't go to a baseball game to watch the right fielder all day, and you don't go to a hockey game to watch the sparring and shoving that may be going on some distance from the flow of the play.

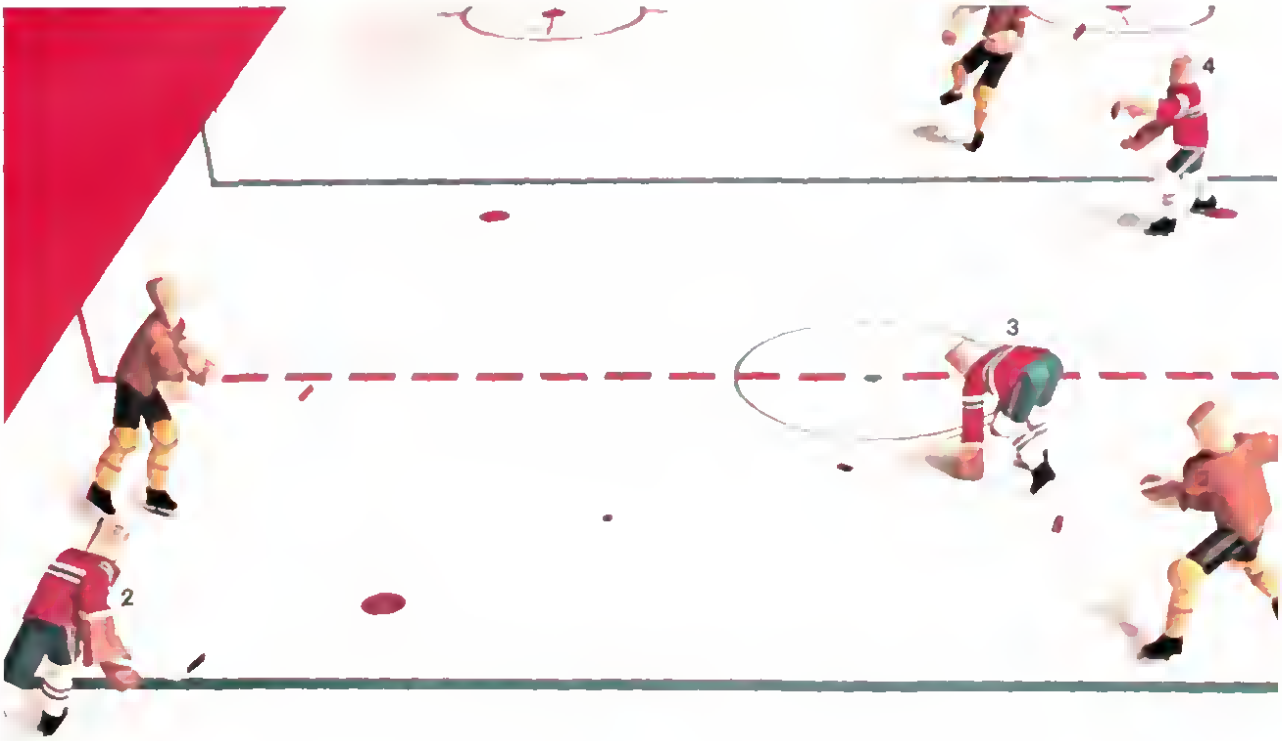
Get to know the players and something about why they are used in certain combinations. Each club is limited to 18 men and consists of two goalies and usually five or six defensemen and 10 or 11 forwards. Coaches normally rotate two defense pairs, who play about half the game, and three forward lines, which generally take four turns on the ice during each 20-minute

continued

MANNEQUINS BY ASDUR TARAKJIAN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD IEFFERY



The power play occurs several times a game and richly rewards teams expert in it. His side a man up, the left point (top center) poises to send the puck to an unguarded teammate below.


4
3
2




1

period. Barring an injury, the goaltender plays the entire game.

On defense I always try to pair a good body-checker with a sound, steady player; for example, Ted Harris, a heavy hitter, with J. C. Tremblay, a clever defenseman who rarely makes a mistake. The Tremblay type of defenseman—Harry Howell of New York, Allan Stanley of Toronto, Pierre Pilote of Chicago—never leaves his goaltender unprotected. Last year for a while I teamed Jacques Laperriere with Tremblay, but this did not work out because for some reason Laperriere stopped hitting. When you have two defensemen who don't hit, opposing forwards are able to dig in close to the goal and get set for an easy score. Chicago had the perfect combination when Pierre Pilote, very solid and very smart, teamed with big Elmer Vasko, and for years Toronto did well with old Allan Stanley, who knows all the little tricks, and Bobby Baun, a tough body-checker.

The ideal forward line consists of a playmaking center who also can score, a good goal scorer on one wing and a strong defensive forward on the other. Perhaps the best combination now playing is Chicago's Scooter Line, with Stan Mikita, always one of the best goal scorers, at center, Kenny Wharram, a tremendous scorer, at right wing and Doug Mohns, a converted defenseman and one of the strongest, fastest skaters in the league, at left wing.

Basically, the center's job is to maneuver the puck so as to set up scoring chances either by feeding passes to his wings or making his own scoring opportunities. If he also is a 30-goal scorer and plays a sound checking game then you have a superplayer. Jean Beliveau of the Canadiens does all these things exceptionally well, and that is why he has been an All-Star so many times. So do Norm Ullman of Detroit, Dave Keon of Toronto and Henri Richard of the Canadiens. Ullman also has a great fighting heart. I don't mean he is especially rough, just that

continued



Attacking at blue line, center carries stick and puck forward to minimize chance of offside as wings trail.

In face-off near enemy goal, attacking center tries to draw puck to his left wing, in best scoring position.



Headmanning is the art of passing the puck quickly on attack to forwards breaking strategically up ice. Defenseman (1) passes to his left wing (2), and so on to headman (4).



Forechecking pays dividends in disrupting play in opponents' end. Defenseman with puck is forechecked by opposing center hoping to steal it or provoke passing error for trailing wing.

he is always battling [illegible] for the puck.

Wings should skate more [illegible] and not go roaming about the ice. I don't want my right wing, for example, to cross over onto the left side of the rink when we are attacking the goal. And I don't want both wings to get caught penetrating too deeply into the attacking zone, because if we suddenly lose the puck then the other team will have a distinct manpower advantage as they skate down on our goal.

The goalie is the heart of any team and each one has his own particular style. The younger ones tend to rely on quick reflexes, while veterans like Johnny Bower, Gump Worsley, Terry Sawchuk and Glenn Hall are more scientific. When they skate out from the net to cut down a shooter's angle they know from experience just how far to go to block off the biggest portion of the goal.

There are goalies who scramble all over the ice and at times leave their net unguarded. There are goalies who flop to the ice and are sometimes a little late getting back up, like Sawchuk of Los Angeles and Worsley of my own team used to do. There are goalies who play down on their knees and maybe stay there too long, like Roger Crozier of the Red Wings. And there are goalies like Eddie Giacomin of the Rangers who rely mostly on a very fast glove hand, and Denis DeJordy of the Black Hawks, who can flop, kneel and rove all in the same game. I like my goalies to stay close to the net, although they must move out at times to cut the shooter's angle or go behind the goal once in a while to stop a loose puck for one of the defensemen. Goalies are paid to guard the net, and if there is anything I hate it is seeing a puck roll into a net left unguarded by a wandering goaltender. Goalies do a hundred good things every game, but occasionally they offset all of it by being caught out of place just one time.

The most important job of a coach is to keep his goaltender happy at all times. Bawl him out and he may be thinking about the bawling out instead of the game. A coach must have the goaltender on his side.

You will get more out of the game if you recognize and appreciate the men who play more roles than one. Take the "policeman." Every team has one or more to protect the smaller players from [illegible]. You do not have to be an old pro to spot Teddy Green of Boston, Reggie Fleming and Vic Hadfield of New York or John Ferguson and Ted Harris of the Canadiens. I have a fast but light center named Ralph Backstrom. It is tempting for other teams to rack him up, but if that happens they know Ferguson is going to deal out some rugged body checks to the guys bothering Ralph.

Some policemen, like Ferguson, Hadfield, Green and Fleming, never back away from fights, while others, such as Harris and Orland Kurtenbach of the Rangers, mind their own business until trouble actually breaks out someplace on the ice. Fights in hockey, though generally are the result of something that happened two or three games before. It is sometimes said that hockey fights are faked. They aren't, but since it is hard to get set for a punch on ice skates, usually little damage is done.

Then there are the penalty killers. We lost both of ours, Jimmy Roberts and Jean Guy Talbot, in the expansion draft, and that certainly will hurt us this season. Penalty killers are players with good defensive qualities who try to break up the other team's attack, harass the puck carriers, interrupt the opponent's momentum, steal the puck if possible, and play keep away with it, to "kill" the time when their own club is shorthanded due to a penalty.

Penalties are inescapable, I guess, but I think many of them are completely unnecessary. These are the ones most frequently called:

HOOKING. This generally is a stupid penalty to take. Grabbing an opponent momentarily will rarely get you a penalty, but doing it obviously and for any length of time will not go unpunished. Doug Harvey, who was the best defenseman in the league for a dozen years when he played for the Canadiens, was a master at tying up a player without making a big spectacle of it.

TRIPPING. A real judgment penalty, usually called only when the trip is flagrant and or intentional. Tripping is more apt to be called when the play is in the attacking zone than out at center ice, where the action is not as crucial.

BOOKING. A dangerous act in which the curved part of the hockey stick is hooked into the body or the arms of another player.



The [illegible] body check is now [illegible] opponent [illegible] of the action.



Tripping is a [illegible] penalty usually called [illegible] and flagrant.

SLASHING. Hitting with the stick usually in a fit of temper and in retaliation. Half the time the stick does not even make contact, but there was "intent to injure" and so a penalty.

INTERFERENCE. Hindering a man not in possession of the puck. Another stupid maneuver, gaining nothing for the offender. And a player easily can get hurt, not expecting to be hit. Interference is often permitted close into the net, though, where defensemen and attacking players try to occupy the same piece of ice.

CHARGING. Also stupid. Called when a player makes a body check that is not a normal outgrowth of the action but one that requires three or four deliberate strides toward the victim.

SPEARING. The most vicious of all transgressions. As the term implies darting the blade of the stick at an opponent. This can cause serious injury, and now there is an automatic $25 fine and a five-minute penalty.

THROWING. Generally called only on

continued

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the bigger players who are trying to maneuver around and—maybe inadvertently, maybe intentionally—hit another player with a padded elbow.

HIGH-STICKING. Carrying the stick above shoulder level.

CROSS-CHECKING. Holding your stick at each end and ramming it at a player.

There are scores of hockey rules, but two of them are far and away the most important in controlling the shape of the action. The first of these says you can pass the puck across only one line at a time, meaning the blue lines that set off the attacking zones and the center red line. Violate this rule and you risk losing control of the puck in the face-off that will be called.

The second major rule says you can not enter the attacking zone—that area beyond the blue line nearest the opposing goaltender—until the puck has crossed that line. A skater, however, may straddle the blue line, but as soon as both of his skates go past it the puck must be in the attacking zone also or a face-off is called.

This is hockey's most elementary rule and the one most frequently violated, causing fans and coaches to cringe when a scoring threat is killed because a player has preceded the puck over the line. You should be aware, however, that at times teams risk the offside call in order to attempt split-second coordination of an attacking play. We want our Canadiens to be going at top speed when they approach the blue line, and if for some reason the player handling the puck is checked or otherwise delayed by the defense, then quite frequently a wingman will cross the blue line too soon and be off side.

The best way to avoid offsides is to execute the kind of maneuver we call headmanning the puck. We always try to move the puck up to the player who is closest to the attacking zone—the headman—at the same time passing over only one line at a time.

If the attack fails in the opponent's zone, the forwards, if they are good ones, employ the defensive tactics known as forechecking and backchecking. Scoring is hard but glamorous work. Dogging the other team's forwards is hard and unglamorous but crucial work. Forechecking is the word for what you try to do to get the puck when it is still in the other team's zone; backchecking means your forwards are shadowing their opposite numbers when they have gotten the puck moving toward your end.

Forechecking is the art of forcing the enemy into an error before he can get a play going. Normally a defenseman will have the puck. Your lead man—usually the center—goes after him, attempting by means of checking him or poking at the puck to make him lose control of it. If the lead man is on the side of the net to his right, his right wing acts as a "trailer," attempting to intercept the puck when it comes out; if on the left side, his left wing is the trailer.

Bobby Pulford of the Maple Leafs, Phil Goyette of the Rangers and Norm Ullman are outstanding forecheckers, and so is Dave Keon of the Maple Leafs. They do all right as backcheckers, too.

Scoring is a more popular art. It can begin with a face-off in the attacking zone, where you set up with one wing ready to take the draw and slap it past the goalie, who probably will be somewhat screened by his defense. It can be a breakaway, with one player skating in against the goalie. Breakaway goals are exciting but not as easy to score as you might imagine, because the skater has too much time to think about how to beat a goalie. I have seen plenty of good breakaway chances lost by players who were so busy faking the goalie that they outsmarted themselves and at times never even got off a decent shot.

On a breakaway, if the player is approaching the goalie head-on, I want him him to shoot for either corner from about 15 feet out. If he approaches from the wing, however, he has two alternatives, provided he cradles the puck on his stick along his side and not in front of him. He can 1) shoot on the goal or 2) fake a shot, pull the puck in front of the goalie and then slide it into the net. Dave Keon, Jean Beliveau, Stan Mikita, Kenny Wharram, Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe are almost certain to score on breakaways, because they know how to handle the puck with their stick. You can't attempt to fake a goalie when you come at him head-on, because you have only about one-third of the net to shoot at by the time you have completed your fake. However, moving in off the wing, you can fake the goalie down, skate in front and have almost the whole expanse of net in which to shoot the puck.

The two-on-one also gives you a nice edge, with forwards moving in on only one defenseman. Watch for the move

that forces the defenseman to commit himself—either by passing to your teammate or by a good fake.

Your team will get a big lift if it can score consistently on the power play, where you enjoy a one- or even two-man advantage because of a penalty to the other club. The object is to move the puck around and get one man free in front of the goal, then hit him with a pass and hope he can score.

I was the best coach in the world back in the 1950s when we had the power-play combination of Beliveau, Rocket Richard and Dickie Moore or Bert Olmstead up front, and Bernie Geoffrion and Doug Harvey on the points at the blue line. One night, before the rule was put through terminating the remainder of a two-minute penalty after the attacking team scores a goal, we were losing to Boston 2-0 late in the third period. The Bruins got a penalty, we scored three power-play goals in about one minute and eventually we won the game 4-2. The new rule came in soon afterward.

On the power play you like to have an outstanding shooter and puck handler working back at the blue line, and in most cases it is not a defenseman. The Boston power play, however, revolves around 19-year-old Bobby Orr, a defenseman who is mostly offensive-minded anyway. And on the power play you like to have a little guy good at tip-ins buzzing around the net, like Camille Henry, who is attempting a comeback with the Rangers this year.

There is no certain way to score, but the best shots you can take at the goalie are: 1) low on his glove side, about six inches off the ice, and 2) high to his stick side, just under the crossbar of the goalpost. I do not have anything against slap shots, provided the players do not lift the stick too high. The higher you take back the stick, the more time it takes to shoot and the more time it gives a defenseman and a goaltender to get ready. And with a short backswing on a slap shot you get much better accuracy and a much better chance to catch the goaltender before he has had time to get set.

The keenest eyes and the best concentrators in the house will not always know exactly who scores a goal because many shots that start a good distance away are tipped in amid a tangle at the goal mouth. Don't worry. I've learned in a long life in hockey that all goals are good ones, especially your own team's. END

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Necessity is the mother of the forward pass

Darrell Royal long believed that nothing good could happen if you threw a football, but nothing good was happening anyway, so Texas surprised Rice with a passing game and came up with a convincing victory

Darrell Royal and his aerial circus have arrived in the Southwest Conference. It fits. The league that has produced a guy running for homecoming queen at TCU, an All-America lineman getting kicked off the squad at Texas A&M, a Baylor team without a passer for the first time in eight million years, and an intersectional record that looks like Vietnam deserves still another surprise. It came last week when the Texas Longhorns put the football in the air intentionally- yeah, right up there where Royal normally would rather see a flying saucer. Texas threw the ball, thrashed the Rice Owls 28–6, and perhaps became the gifted team it was always supposed to he

The occasion was a game that had suddenly become a big one in the nuttiest conference in the land. Rice, under new Coach Bo Hagan, had developed into a feisty, dedicated upstart that defeated Navy, Northwestern and SMU, and Rice always plays Texas like it's the end of the world. Texas, meanwhile, had been struggling to rescue a season that had begun with marvelous expectations but had suddenly been wrecked by tough opening losses to USC, which should have happened, and Texas Tech, which should not have In August bumper stickers had proclaimed this the Year of the Horns, but by late September there was a new bumper sticker out that said, "Would you believe '68?" At least some Texans had not lost their sense of humor.

Darrell Royal almost had. The Longhorns, operating the predictable offense of Bill Bradley either keeping the ball or giving it to Chris Gilbert, had finally managed a victory by beating Oklahoma State, but then they went up against the fast Oklahoma Sooners and for one half looked like the most timid team Royal had ever put together Texas trailed 0–7, but the score might well have been 0–28. That is when things changed, for at half time Royal was livid.

"You're a disgrace to yourselves, your school, your state and your coaches," said Royal, or words close to it. And he mentioned that anyone who did not hit a Sooner as quickly as possible would find a seat on the bench forever. Texas dominated the second half—in one stretch piling up 172 yards to Oklahoma's minus two—and somehow came away with a 9–7 victory. "I'll guarantee you Oklahoma is a good football team," said Royal, "so we must not be too bad." Texas then went into the Ozarks and whipped Arkansas on national television 21 12, and it did so with some of its old familiar aggressiveness.

Through all of this Texas had been relying on an offense that had become more Gilbert-Gilbert than Bradley-Gilbert. The low-driving junior with the good balance had run for more than 600 yards, and Royal was using him almost as often as USC 's John McKay runs O.J. Simpson "He should," said McKay. "I think Gilbert is the second-best runner in the country second to Simpson—and I mean that as a big compliment."

Rice thought Gilbert was pretty good, too, and fashioned its defense to contain his fast sweeps and acrobatic counterplays It was, for all purposes, an eight-man line There was no reason for Rice to think that Texas would throw the ball Super Bill Bradley, who had grown superfat in the summer working in Miami a fact that made Royal want to drop him off the University Tower a few times was at last getting some quickness back But he had not passed well. He threw in the dirt against Arkansas, or Texas would have really demolished the Razorbacks. So what a beautiful time for Royal to decide on a passing game

All week Texas passed. Bradley threw more balls in practice than he had all year. New pass patterns went into the

continued



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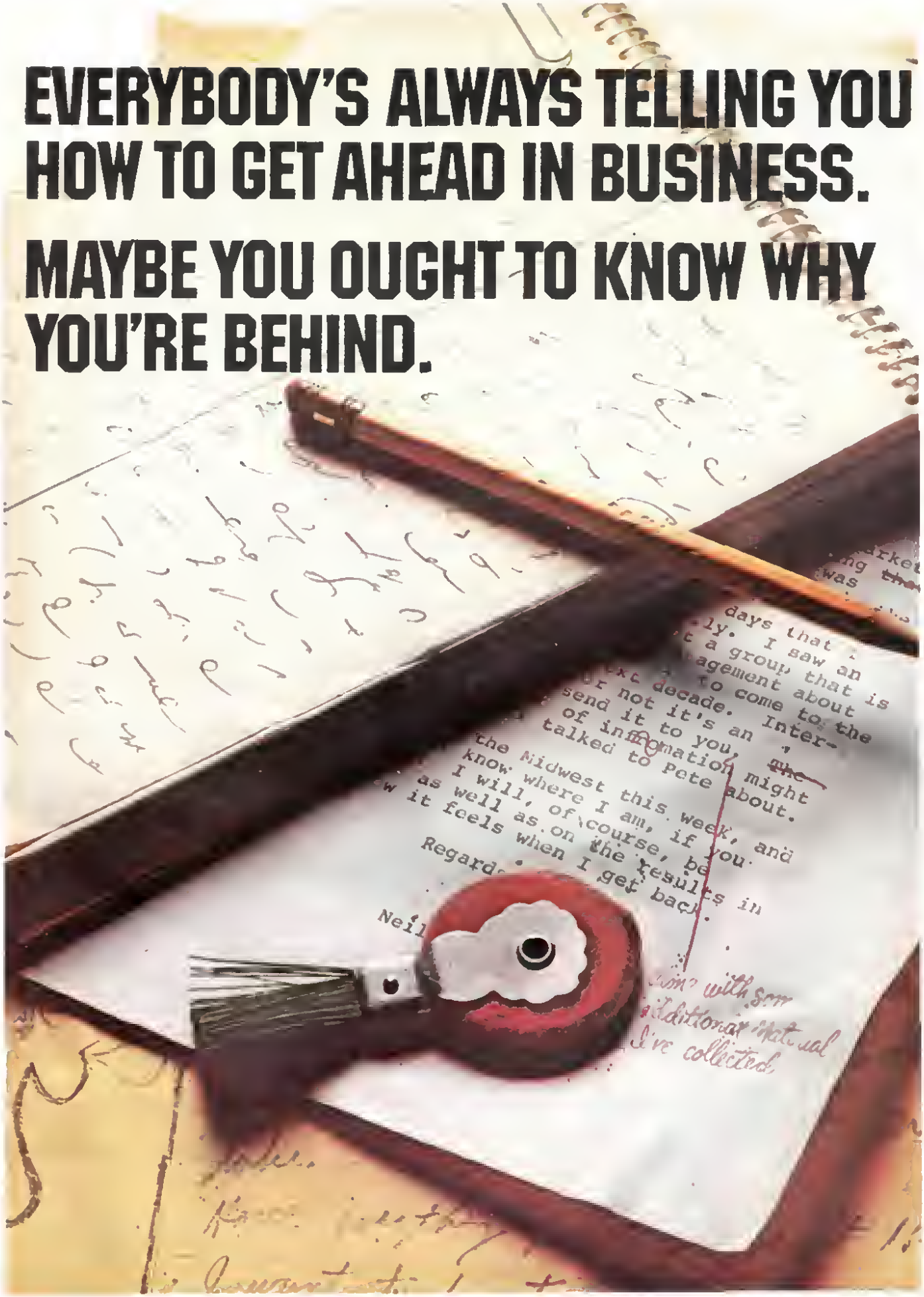


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repertoire, especially a thing called the "railroad," which is two receivers sprinting straight at the safety, then flaring, and Bradley finding the right one, hopefully. Texas wanted to fake Gilbert into the line, then pass. Royal, who has always said that three things can happen to a forward pass and two of them are bad, was going to throw—the devil, or Rice, taking the hindmost.

What happened was that Bradley looked like a spunky Bobby Layne down there in the cool, pleasant Austin evening,before 65,000 astonished fans. He laid the ball in the arms of his receivers, both long passes and short ones, dropping back and sprinting out, sometimes even throwing on first down. He completed the first five passes he tried and eventually connected on 12 out of 17 for 215 yards and one touchdown. (Texas' passing total of 238 yards was a career high for Royal.) He had three dropped, one of which would have been another six points, and he ran the keeper for two touchdowns. Bradley's throwing was so perfect that Chris Gilbert had what almost amounted to a night off, only 22 carries for 76 yards and a touchdown.

This raised Gilbert's six-game total to 696 yards, or an average of 116 yards per Saturday, a figure which would put him well on the way to All-America were it not for the unreal statistics of O. J. Simpson. Gilbert may prove deserving anyhow, for he remains the soul of the Texas attack. Texas, despite its success in the air last Saturday night, is not likely to continue throwing, except in emergencies, and its four remaining opponents must still consider stopping Gilbert first.

For the first time in a game of importance, Bradley and Gilbert together looked like the Super Bill and Glorious Gil they were supposed to be last year as sophomores. With Bradley both injured and erratic last season, Gilbert carried the offensive burden by himself, churning for 1,080 yards. Bradley had some moments, but he was far from sensational, and Texas wound up with a 7-4 record after beating Mississippi in the Bluebonnet Bowl. The bowl victory was not the best thing that could have happened. It was largely responsible for those Year of the Horns stickers, and Texas sort of celebrated the 1967 National Championship all spring and summer. Against Rice, however, Texas finally looked capable of playing anybody—and maybe winning. Aside from Bradley and Gilbert, some defensive figures were emerging, such as Corby Robertson, who had become a linebacker, End Mike Perrin, Halfback Ronnie Ehrig and Tackle Leo Brooks, a 6′ 6″ 230-pound sophomore. There were five sophomores in Texas' defensive front against Rice, but they were destructive ones.

In short, Texas has become a good team. Its 4-2 record is not imposing, and, crazily, Texas A&M, which lost its first four games, is leading the conference with a 3-1 record. Now A&M vs. Texas, on Thanksgiving Day, may be the game that decides the championship and the host team in the Cotton Bowl. Royal's team may also be slowly struggling to an 8-2 record, which would place it back in the national rankings somewhere.

"This is a team that's getting better all the time," says Royal. "We're very young. We decided we wanted to play football in the second half against Oklahoma. Against Arkansas we turned ballcarriers around for a change; we finally punished somebody. Against Rice we seemed confident. Now we have to see if we're consistent."

There is a theory that there has never been anything wrong with the Longhorns these last two years that they couldn't solve by avoiding Southern California in their opening game. Both times Royal's young team started off with a defeat and a lack of confidence. Ah, those good old days of opening against Tulane.

But then, if that situation still existed, Darrell Royal would not have been forced to discover the forward pass.

—DAN JENKINS

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ARMY (5-1) 2. PENN STATE (4-2) 3. DARTMOUTH (5-0)

The day before his team played Syracuse, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno was talking about Larry Csonka, the 230-pound Syracuse fullback. "He's like a bull," said Paterno. "No matter what you do on defense, he'll get his yardage. But Syracuse will have to outscore us to win, and I don't think they can." He was right. Csonka, pounding inside and occasionally outside, got his 115 yards in 32 carries and scored two touchdowns. But Penn State Quarterback Tom Sherman, more subtle in his ways, did even better. He threw a 60-yard pass to Tight End Ted Kwalick for a score, sneaked over from the one for another and added a 27-yard field goal that put the Nittany Lions ahead 22–14 at the half. Csonka's second touchdown, a six-yard burst off tackle, made it 22–20, but then the Orange had to do what Coach Ben Schwartzwalder likes least—throw the ball. With 1:07 to go, Linebacker Dennis Onkotz picked off one of Rick Cassata's passes and ran it back 47 yards to give Penn State a 29–20 win.

Army had its problems with Stanford, primarily because the Cadets could not hang on to the ball. But the Indians, after getting in front 10–0 on Bill Shoemaker's field goal and Fullback Jack Root's two-yard plunge, had even more trouble. Two Stanford fumbles set up Army touchdowns, but still the Indians led 20–17 with two minutes to play. Then Safety Van Evans, a 9.6 sprinter, returned a punt 37 yards to the Stanford 13. Two plays later sophomore Hank Andrzejczak swept right end for five yards and Army had a tough 24–20 victory.

Navy cut it even closer than that against Pitt as the astonishing Panthers quickly had the Middies down 14–0 on sophomore Tailback Gary Cramer's 59-yard run and sophomore Quarterback Jeff Barr's six-yard rollout. Quarterback John Cartwright moved the Middies back into the game with a run and a pass for scores, but Pitt led 21–19 until John Church's field goal in the closing minutes saved the win for Navy 22–21.

Boston College found its scoring punch, but against little Maine, as the Eagles crushed their overmatched opponents 56–0. Holy Cross won a passing battle from Buffalo 38–25, but Rutgers, lacking a passer, lost to Columbia 24–13.

While Dartmouth was overtaking Harvard 23–21 (*page 24*), another Ivy League challenger, Yale, was routing Cornell 41–7 behind Quarterback Brian Dowling. Princeton also kept its hopes alive by beating Penn 28–14, while Brown won its first game, defeating Colgate 7–0.

THE SOUTH 1. TENNESSEE (4-1) 2. GEORGIA (5-1) 3. NORTH CAROLINA STATE (7-0)

Mississippi will take the green lawns and Georgian columns of Oxford to the 72° air-conditioned comfort of any Astrodome, and by playing hot defense on their home turf the Rebels upset ninth-ranked Houston. After spotting Houston a touchdown on Don Bean's 73-yard punt return, Mississippi's

continued

Jim Keyes and Bob Bailey recovered fumbles at the Houston 23- and 37-yard lines. Quarterback Paul Newell followed each of these Houston mistakes with a touchdown pass, and Keyes's second conversion proved to be the difference, 14–13, when Houston's usually reliable Ken Hebert missed a point-after-touchdown try in the fourth quarter. The key feat of the Mississippi defense was stopping Wondrous Warren McVea, who, after missing the previous game with a shoulder injury, played the first half poorly and sat out the rest of the game.

Quarterback Dewey Warren, who had not played in a month, and Kicker Karl Kremser, who rarely gets on the field at all, led Tennessee past LSU 17–14. When Warren scored an early touchdown and then Walter Chadwick got another, it looked as though Tennessee was going to break the game open. But Sammy Grezaffi returned the following kickoff 100 yards for a touchdown and in the fourth quarter the Tigers marched 81 yards to tie the score when Quarterback Nelson Stokley went in from the 14. It stayed tied until Kremser kicked a 33-yard field goal with 1:05 left to keep the Volunteers on top of the SEC.

Kentucky fans serenaded Coach Charlie Bradshaw with "Goodbye, Charlie" as he left the field following Georgia's 31–7 victory over the Wildcats—but Bradshaw had heard that song before. "The last time I ran away from a fight was when I was seven," he snapped. "I won't run now."

Alabama's offense struck for 13 quick points on Quarterback Ken Stabler's passing and Steve Davis' kicking and then turned the Clemson game over to the defense. It was asking a lot, but the Tide managed to hang on for a 13–10 win. Old teammates at Alabama, Coaches Bear Bryant and Frank Howard left the field together. "You were lucky, boy," said Howard. "I know it," said Bear.

Miami and Auburn seemed headed for a 0–0 tie in the Orange Bowl when End Phil Smith intercepted a pitchout by Auburn's Larry Blakeney and raced 35 yards for a 7–0 victory. Quarterback Larry Rentz completed 15 of 20 passes as Florida defeated Vanderbilt 27–22. Florida State downed Mississippi State 34–12 and Tulane beat Georgia Tech 23–12.

Representatives of the Orange, Sugar and Gator Bowls were among the 44,000 at Carter Stadium who saw North Carolina State win its seventh straight, 28–7 over Duke. Quarterback Jim Donnan peppered the Blue Devils' weak side with passes to lead the Wolfpack to a 21–0 lead at half time. South Carolina beat Maryland 31–0 to remain in a tie with NC State and Clemson for the ACC lead, and at the other end of the standings, Jack Oolbin's 51-yard run on the first play of the game started Wake Forest to its first win of the season, 20–10 over North Carolina.

"The kicking game did it," said Virginia Tech's Jerry Claiborne after the Gobblers had beaten West Virginia 20–7 for their seventh win without a loss. Gene Fisher's punting kept West Virginia deep in its own end all day, and Teeh came up with solid punt coverage, plus two extra points and two field goals. Tech's offense, which has played most of the year as if its primary job was to give the defense a minute to catch its breath, managed only seven first downs. But if Tech kept its record clean, East Carolina could not, losing 21–19 to The Citadel.

THE MIDWEST 1. PURDUE (5-1) 2. COLORADO (5-1) 3. INDIANA (6-0)

It was a year later and a lot of things had changed when Notre Dame and Michigan State met in South Bend for the rematch of last season's 10–10 tie. Between them, the two teams had lost five games and had little at stake but the pleasure of beating each other. Everybody knew the Irish had no running game and the Spartans had no game at all. To make matters worse for MSU, Quarterback Jimmy Raye was out with severely bruised ribs and Coach Duffy Daugherty had announced the suspension of six players for violating curfew. Early in the week Duffy refused to identify them, but Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian readily did—he said he didn't know Duffy was keeping it a secret. Duffy set about preparing to stop Terry Hanratty's passes, but Notre Dame had a surprise ready. Hanratty passed sparingly. Instead, sophomore Fullback Jeff Zimmerman ran through the weakened Spartans for 135 yards and two touchdowns. Hanratty threw to Zimmerman for a third score and the Irish won easily 24–12.

Unbeaten Colorado should have known what to expect from Oklahoma State. A year ago in Stillwater, State upset Colorado 11–10. This year the site was different—Boulder—but the result the same as Colorado, the country's third-ranked team, was beaten 10–7. Oklahoma State scored immediately on a seven-yard run by Quarterback Ron Johnson, Craig Kessler added a 26-yard field goal and Colorado, playing without seven ailing regulars on offense and yielding yardage on defense, was unable to catch up. "We just never got good field position," said Coach Eddie Crowder.

The Colorado loss gave the Big Eight a surprising look. Kansas was in the lead after beating Iowa State 38–14 for its third straight win as Quarterback Bob Douglas threw two touchdown passes and ran two yards for another score. But Oklahoma was only half a game behind. The Sooners, getting ready for Colorado next Saturday, edged Missouri 7–0 on Ron Shotts's one-yard plunge in the second quarter.

Purdue and Minnesota, working toward their Big Ten showdown Nov. 11, both won, but Purdue had much the easier time of it. The Boilermakers turned loose their one-man team, Halfback Leroy Keyes, against Iowa, and he wrecked the Hawkeyes by gaining 145 yards rushing, catching five passes for 120 yards and scoring four touchdowns as the Boilermakers coasted to a 41–22 win. But Keyes showed a weakness, and it was noted. His kickoffs were shorter than usual, said a Purdue assistant coach.

Minnesota had a mathematical problem. It had defeated Michigan State 21–0. MSU had beaten Michigan 34–0. Therefore Minnesota was going to beat Michigan 55–0. Sure. Just as quick as Halfback Ron Johnson could run, Michigan was ahead 15–0, and Minnesota knew something did not add up. But Michigan was slowed by a series of penalties, and Quarterback Curt Wilson began to lead Minnesota back. Wilson scored from the five-yard line in the second quarter, threw a fourth-quarter 45-yard pass to Mike Curtis for a touchdown and then scored again on a fourth-and-one play to give the Gophers a 20–15 victory and the Little Brown Jug. The win tied Minnesota for the Big Ten lead with Purdue and Indiana.

Northwestern beat Wisconsin 17–13, but for Ohio State's Woody Hayes there was only more grief. His Bucks, fumbling seven times, lost to Illinois 17–13 when Dave Jackson plunged over from the one-yard line with 34 seconds to play. To add to Hayes's discomfort, it was OSU's fourth straight loss in Columbus—the first time that has ever happened—and it occurred before 83,928 fans on Homecoming Day.

In the Mid-American Conference, upstart Toledo is on the trail of its first championship. The Rockets seemed a certain 13–7 loser to Kent State with only 2:47 to go, but a fumbled center snap ruined a State field-goal try and Toledo took over on its own 40-yard line. In less than a minute, Quarterback John Schneider had Toledo in the end zone. He ran twice for 11 yards, passed to Halfback Roland Moss for 24 yards and then for 25 yards and a touchdown. Ken Crots kicked the extra point to win for Toledo 14–13. "Crots walked up there like a pro," said Coach Frank Lauterbur. "It was a pressure shot." The shot put the Rockets, 5–1 for the season, in a three-way tie for first with Western Michigan, which smashed Marshall 42–10, and Miami of Ohio, a 9–7 winner over Bowling Green. The title race ends Saturday when Toledo plays Miami and Western faces Ohio U.

It appeared to be just another easy win for undefeated Tulsa when Quarterback Mike Stripling ran and pitched the Hurricanes to a first-quarter 13–0 lead over Southern Illinois, which had lost its five previous games. After all, Tulsa led the nation in total offense, passing, scoring and least yards allowed on defense, and the Salukis were still small-college. But Southern Illinois

came back big. Ralph Galloway kicked three field goals, Charlie Pemberton scored from the seven-yard line and the startled Hurricanes were upset 16–13.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS (4-2) 2. HOUSTON (4-2) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (3-1-1)

Texas was not the only Southwest Conference team that was looking better. Arkansas, back to the power game it used to play so well, finally got going against Kansas State and beat the ambitious Wildcats 28–7. Coach Frank Broyles also had his quarterback problem resolved for him. When sophomore John Eichler went out with a fractured ankle in the first quarter, Broyles had to go with senior Ronny South, who had been disappointing earlier in the season. But South completed six passes in a row and set up two touchdowns with a pair of 16-yard runs. Wingback David Dickey, who switches to tailback when Arkansas nears the goal line, did the rest by plunging over for three scores.

Texas A&M, too, was showing signs of a midseason revival in spite of the fact that its All-America Lineman Mo Moorman is off the team for cutting classes. Quarterback Ed Hargett threw to Bob Long for two touchdowns and A&M took Baylor 21–3 for its third straight to hold first place in the SWC. Texas Tech, after three losses in a row, found a fall guy in SMU. The Mustangs fumbled on offense and Tech's Mike Leinert tore up their defense as Tech won 21–7.

There was no salvation, however, for TCU. Just more trouble. The Frogs, who have not won since last November, never had a chance against Nebraska. In the first eight minutes they gave the Huskers two scoring opportunities on a pass interception and a fumble. Nebraska Quarterback Frank Patrick cashed them in on passes to Dennis Richnafsky and Dick Davis, and Nebraska went on to win 29–0.

THE WEST 1. USC (7-0) 2. UCLA (6-0) 3. WYOMING (7-0)

Top-ranked USC was in front of Oregon in the third period 14–6 when O. J. Simpson—the country's leading rusher—started around left end. He disappeared beneath the horde of tacklers he usually attracts, but this time he did not bounce quickly to his feet for he suffered a sprained right arch, an injury that unnerved the whole West Coast. The one man who was not upset, however, was Steve Grady, Simpson's replacement. By the time USC had put the game away 28–6, Grady had run up 108 yards of his own. Still, it had not been a good day for Coach John McKay. "You've got to be thankful if you win when you're bad," he sighed. "Today we were terrible, but we won."

For the third week in a row, California won the toss, elected to receive and then fumbled away the opening kickoff. Washington, no team to pass up such an opportunity, promptly scored and was on its way to a 23–6 win. Quarterback Tom Manke passed sparingly, but made them count. Two of his five throws went for touchdowns. Afterward, California Coach Ray Willsey just shook his head. "Invariably," he said, "the loser digs his own grave."

Oregon State, which had upset Purdue the week before, warmed up for next week's game against unbeaten UCLA with a 35–7 win over Washington State. Arizona's Darrell Mudra made one mistake in his preparation for unbeaten Indiana; he told a reporter that "the WAC is tougher than the Big Ten." The word got back to Bloomington, and Coach Johnny Pont made sure it was heard by his players. With sophomores Harry Gonso and John Isenbarger leading the way, the Hoosiers scored three of the first four times they had the ball and coasted to a 42–7 win. "We're not a grind-it-out team," said Pont, "so we must rely on explosiveness." Getting explosively mad seemed to help.

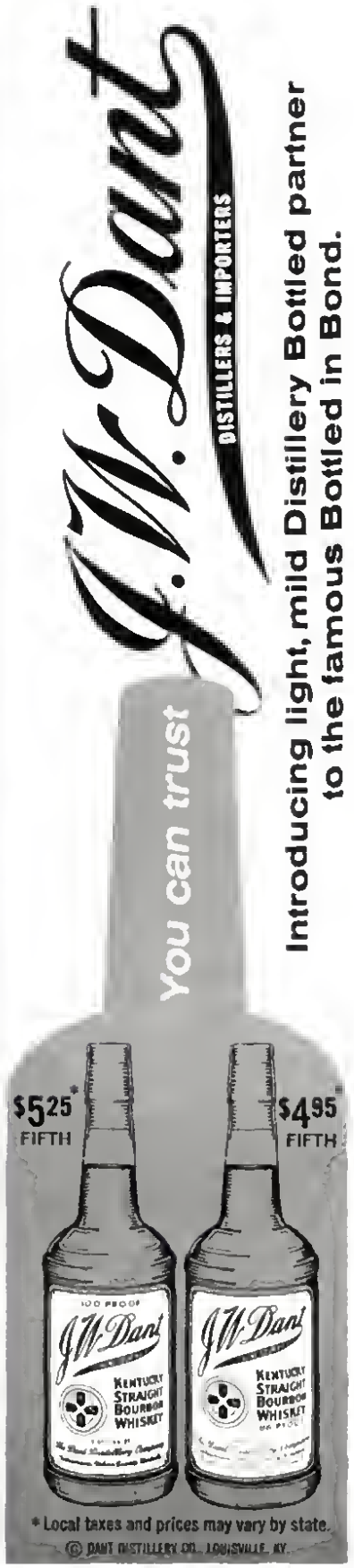
Unbeaten Wyoming was in a difficult spot when Arizona State's Max Anderson ran 99 yards to put ASU ahead 13–12. But the game was saved in typical Wyoming fashion when Jerry DePoyster kicked a 26-yard field goal—his third of the game, for an NCAA career record of 30 and a 15–13 Cowboy win. Driving wind and rain in Provo forced Brigham Young to abandon its slick passing game against Utah, but the Cougars were able to grind their way to a 17–13 win. Air Force sophomore Dennis Leuthauser, who had kicked two field goals in the final minutes to beat Tulane the week before, could only salvage a tie for the Falcons against Colorado State. He hit a 45-yarder with 1:33 left to make the score 17–17, but after his Air Force teammates got the ball he missed one from the 31-yard-line with 28 seconds to go. "I looked up a little," he said. "It drifted away with the wind."

It does not seem to matter which quarterback Texas at El Paso uses. Last week Billy Stevens was down with a virus, so his substitute, Brooks Dawson, pitched six scoring passes of his own to defeat New Mexico 75–12. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Texas at El Paso Quarterback Brooks Dawson, in for ailing Billy Stevens, completed only nine passes against New Mexico, but they were good for 376 yards and six touchdowns and he ran for a seventh score.

THE LINEMAN: Miami Tackle Bob Tatarek, 6′4″ and 240 pounds, led the defense that stopped high-scoring Auburn. He was in on 13 tackles and hit the Auburn quarterback to force the bad pitchout that resulted in Miami's score.



For a while there in the Forest of Marly it seemed that the day's bag was going to include several gendarmes and a few assorted bystanders. Pakistan's **President Ayub Khan** *(below)*, invited by the French military to hunt in the forest outside of Paris, went after the pheasants as though he were defending the borders of his homeland; members of his own party were considering hitting the dirt. With his usual disregard for his personal safety **President de Gaulle** made a surprise appearance at the hunt, and with his usual luck he emerged unscathed to report a bag of 253 pheasants and a couple of rabbits.

England's **Margaret** is one of the swinging princesses, but every so often she runs up against royal protocol and is checked in midswing. It happened again recently when one of her favorite charities, the Dockland Settlements, gave a fund-raising dinner rather than the customary ball. Margaret attends most of the charity's functions, but this year's dinner was given at Crockford's, a gaming club. "A member of the Royal Family would never go where gambling took place," observed one Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, who does go regularly to Crockford's. "If we had held the dinner elsewhere I am sure the Princess would have come." Had she been free to go to Crockford's Margaret might have had a more sedate time than she had at last year's ball in London's Savoy Hotel. On that occasion somebody spilled wine all over Margaret's shoes.

The Jets' **Joe Namath** *(right)* has dropped by the Playboy Bunnies' place of business from time to time, and last week some of the girls returned the favor and came out to Shea Stadium where Joe pursues *his* line of work. Namath was supposed to be coaching them for a forthcoming touch-football game with the all-male Cougar team from United Press International, but there was a certain absence of fierce dedication to this avowed purpose and a suspicious presence of the press. One observer estimates that journalists outnumbered the five Bunnies and Jets Namath, Boozer, Mathis, Lammons and Atkinson by at least 2 to 1. Dialogue was pretty press-agenty. One reporter asked a Bunny who was the most shifty-hipped? "We're all pretty shifty-hipped," was the deadpan answer. Namath fooled around with the Jets' playbook, tried to herd the girls into a huddle, said firmly to the Bunny who thought she was quarterback, "You're not smart enough," and finally got them all into a semblance of an I formation. It should be a great game.





From 1933 to 1937 California's Governor **Ronald Reagan** was a sportscaster for a Des Moines, Iowa radio station under his childhood nickname of Dutch. Even his checks were made out to Dutch Reagan, and for years he was billed that way on movie marquees in Des Moines. However, when he was a 170-pound tackle for Eureka College in Illinois, he recalls, "There was this bearded giant on the other side of the line . . . I was somewhat rosy-cheeked in those days, and he took one look at me and said something like, 'Say, Baby Face, how did you get in this game?' On the next play I really let him have it and finally one of my teammates yelled at me, 'O.K., Killer, get back in the huddle.'" If Reagan should turn out to be our next President or Vice-President the American public will have to decide which nickname to apply. Dutch, Baby Face or Killer.

"We got two hours of really great enjoyment out of this and a lot more laughs than out of the Grand Prix," said **Denis Hulme**, who got the World Driving Championship out of the Grand Prix race in question, even if it wasn't a lot of laughs. Hulme was referring to a postrace evening spent fighting bulls. He, **Jimmy Clark** and the rest of the contenders in Mexico City's race (SI, Oct. 30) went some 30 miles out of town to dine at a restaurant that happened to be equipped with a small bullring and five baby bulls. All the drivers seized capes and took turns playing with the bulls, with varying degrees of distinction. **Graham Hill** entered the ring on a donkey and was knocked to the ground. Hulme himself managed to step aside when his baby bull charged, but did admit, "Once he chased me across the ring when I did not have a cape, and I ran like anything." He added, "I had been to a big bullfight in Barcelona, and I did not like it. I don't agree with cruel sports."

Australia's Prime Minister, **Harold Holt**, has been trying to push physical fitness in Australia and is himself in the habit of leaping up and doing morning exercises. Mrs. Holt is not doing much for the cause, though. "I am thoroughly bored with the whole thing," she says. "I'm short and fat, and that's that."



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The cougar moves up from vermin to trophy

Old wives' tales and old ranchers' fears have long made the American lion a prime target for bounty hunters. Most of the fears are proving groundless, and the big cat is slowly being accepted as a game animal

The mountain lion was once the most widely distributed mammal in the Western Hemisphere. Today, although its numbers along with its habitat have been greatly reduced, the lion's range is still a broad one. It extends from as far south as Patagonia, through forests and jungles and highlands for almost a full 100° latitude that stretches over Central America, Mexico, the U.S. and as far north as the Peace River and Cassiar regions of British Columbia.

The American lion's past is a blend of fact and fancy. It is a past that still overshadows its present. Lion lore through the centuries has been stirred by imagination, kindled by awe and not infrequently tailored by the teller.

Like the profusion of names the American lion answers to—cougar, catamount, painter, panther, puma—the profusion of misinformation which persists about it even today helps little in unraveling the big cat's true identity.

Such ambiguity is not limited to the lion's public image. Viewed against overall game-management programs in this country, which by and large are among the most progressive and successful in the world, the enigma of the lion's official status is particularly perplexing.

In Arizona, for example, anyone may hunt mountain lions at any time of year, in any number. No licenses or permits are required, and each cat killed, regardless of age or sex, entitles the hunter to a payment of $70. Arizona is the only state in the U.S. that still pays a bounty on mountain lions, a fact which last year moved the Boone and Crockett Club, official custodian of the *Records of North American Big Game*, to pass a resolution barring all mountain lions collected in bounty-paying areas from entry or recognition in their big-game competition.

In spite of Boone and Crockett's action and the articulate, ecologically sound arguments of more than a dozen game, conservation and wildlife agencies across the country, the most recent efforts in the Arizona House of Representatives to abolish the bounty on lions died the same death several previous bills had suffered.

In California, where similar pleas in 1963 fell upon more receptive ears, then-Governor Brown established a four-year moratorium on that state's payment of lion bounties and at the same time authorized a major study of the system's effectiveness in game management. The California Department of Fish and Game, noting that the system was of no value and that the hiatus on bounties produced no lion problems, was among the first to endorse indefinite suspension. Five months ago Governor Reagan reaffirmed the game department's position by signing a bill which officially abolishes the bounty on lions in California. The new law does not mean that the lion is now as safe as a lamb in California, but it does mean that its legal status there, as in Idaho, New Mexico, Montana and Texas, is considerably better than it used to be. By being officially upgraded from vermin, lions in these states have at least a modicum more protection than their cousins in Arizona. The season, bag, age and sex limits are still wide open, but the monetary attraction to professional and commercial hunters no longer exists, and some form of permit is generally required to hunt lions. Fees from permits are too minimal to influence hunting pressure one way or the other, but the very fact that permits are required is an element in the lion's favor.

Such fees can also be a clue to exactly how the lion is ranked in the wildlife hierarchy of a state. In New Mexico, for example, a nonresident is charged $10 to hunt mountain lions. This entitles him to as many lions, or lionesses, as he wants in a given year. He must pay $50, however, to hunt wild turkey—two mature birds only—during the season, which totals a little more than a month.

The situation makes more sense in Nevada, where birds are birds and lions are legally considered game. To lion-hunt in Nevada, a big-game license (out-of-state cost $35) is required. It is expected that hunting soon will be confined to a set season to afford the animals protection during mating and breeding periods and that the hunter may take only one male lion in any one year.

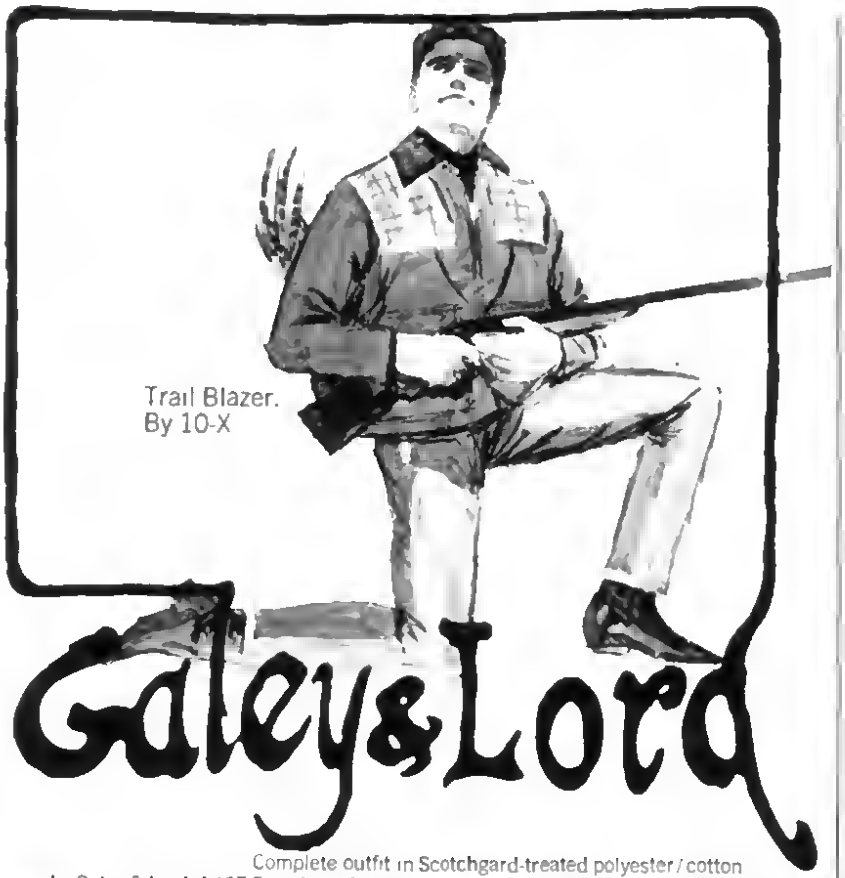
Such legitimate protection for the mountain lion was long in coming. Nevada in 1965 was the first state to confer the honor. Washington and Colorado followed soon after, and this year Oregon and Utah also reclassified their lions as game animals. The latter state, which now charges a nonresident hunter $150 for a single cat, also requires a $300 license fee from out-of-state guides.

Utah's high license and guide fees are not only positive steps forward for the lion in that state, but, more significantly, they represent a long-overdue about-face in the basic attitude of its game department toward the cats. Until nine years

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY TENNISON

A CORNERED LION snarls defiance at yapping dogs after a long and wearying chase across the wild land of western New Mexico



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ago Utah, like Arizona, paid bounties. Although it dropped the bounties in 1958 it took eight more years before the cougar was reclassified as a game animal.

Today the lion, which once populated the entire 48 continental United States, has been eliminated from all but 11 western states and Florida. The latter state, which estimates its present population of panthers, as they are called there, at 100, had the foresight several years ago to put the cat on the protected list. New Hampshire, in a classic act of belated conscience, added the lion to *its* protected list this year. No one has seen a lion in the state since 1885.

That there are lions to be seen anywhere in the U.S. today, considering the concerted efforts that have been made to obliterate them, is rather remarkable in itself. It is also principally accidental. In his efforts to urbanize every square inch of the U.S., man finally ran up against a few places that were too wild even for him. In this handful of remote regions, among the most isolated and untamed in the country, the American lion is now making its final stand. But without the immediate legal sanctuary of game status in every place that it still exists, the American lion cannot hope to survive.

The resistance to making the lion a game animal is a normal reaction to an idea that refutes old beliefs. After generations of gory lion tales, it is difficult to accept the lion as less dangerous than the family dog. Yet carefully documented studies have established that more humans have been attacked by dogs—and, for that matter, by any one of three specific breeds: boxers, German shepherds and Doberman pinschers—than by lions.

In spite of the hundreds of reports of cougars killing people that have proliferated over the years, the actual number of deaths by lions in the entire history of the U.S. is considered to be well under a dozen. Of these, only one has ever been fully substantiated. This was in 1924 and involved a 13-year-old Washington boy who, from the evidence in fresh snow, was first trailed by the cat as he walked through a coulee. The boy, discovering that he was being followed, apparently became frightened and ran. The lion gave chase, struck him down and partially devoured him. When the lion was trapped and killed one month later, its stomach still contained matted bits of the boy's hair and clothing.

This story is of particular interest, not

only because it is the sole fully documented account of a lion attack on a human, but because it points up two other distinctive characteristics of the lion. First, the fact that it did not eat the boy but took only a few bites, mainly about the head, supports the opinions of many scientists that the American lion, unlike several of its relatives, finds human flesh basically unpalatable. Even when other food is scarce, the lion evidently prefers hunger to humans. If this were not so, certainly the record of men being eaten by mountain lions would be substantial, particularly since man has always been the slowest and easiest prey in the lion's range. No people were more aware of this than the early pioneers, which may account in part for the inordinate fear they felt toward the lion.

The other characteristic of the lion that the Washington story points out is its extraordinary curiosity. There are literally dozens of documented accounts of lions trailing humans for as much as several miles for no apparent reason other than curiosity. In almost every such instance, no attempts to attack or to close the distance and make contact between itself and the man being followed were made. Most times the man was unaware of the lion's presence until, in backtracking, he made the discovery. Indeed, the cat's tracks often revealed that it had taken extra care not to be observed, frequently moving along the edge of the trail rather than on it to avoid detection. This does not mean that mountain lions are never dangerous to man. With proper provocation under proper circumstances, any large animal, and even some relatively small ones, will attack. The lion is no exception. But its record does not begin to support its formidable reputation as a man-killer.

Nor do the facts support its reputation as a wanton killer of game and livestock. There is no question that the lion kills both. But there is serious question that it kills with the frequency and capriciousness attributed to it. And there is growing evidence that many of the kills blamed on lions are actually made by other animals. Dogs again rank high on the list. In this case the dogs are generally packs of semi-wild animals rather than house pets, but the latter have racked up their share of kills too.

The New Mexico Department of Game, which for the past several years has carefully investigated each report it

continued

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has received of lion depredation of livestock, found that in less than 10% of the cases reported was the lion actually guilty of the charge. Dogs, wolves and coyotes all outranked the lion as killers of livestock.

Armed with such information, I asked more than a dozen ranchers on a trip not long ago through New Mexico about their attitudes toward the mountain lion. Each unhesitatingly spoke of the lion as the prime predator on his property. And yet, these men did not hate lions as such, nor were they otherwise unreasonable or ignorant. But they had never bothered to question what their fathers and grandfathers believed to be fact.

Surprisingly, another of the lion's most formidable foes has been the sportsman, who, above all others, should be its staunchest ally. Like the rancher, the sportsman's attitude toward the lion developed not because of malice but because of misinformation. The prime item in the lion's diet is deer. The prime target for most U.S. big-game hunters is also deer. Where the pioneer once considered the lion's taste for deer a threat to his personal survival, many hunters consider the lion a threat to their sport. If a lion eats two deer a week, they figure, each dead lion must mean more than 100 deer saved every year for the sportsman.

Aside from the error in the initial figures (an average lion seldom eats more than one deer per week), there is gross error in this logic. Among the important factors not considered in such thinking is the kind of deer lions eat. The lion consistently culls the weak, the infirm, the subnormal, the poorest of the herd. It is, in fact, one of nature's most precise game-management tools.

But if the hunter has been slow in recognizing the lion's place among the ecological facts of life, he has been even slower in recognizing its place in his own sport. For, of all the many convincing arguments for granting the American lion the game status it deserves in this country, the most convincing of all is the sporting challenge it offers the hunter. The real measure of a game animal is not the food it eats, the coat it makes, the meat it provides or the cost of the license required to hunt it. It is the contest it offers the hunter on which an animal is really judged. Of the many contests available to the sportsman in this country, there are few animals as exciting or as challenging as the lion. **END**

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Damascus against the world

America's Horse of the Year has done everything but mow the lawn. He may do exactly that in next week's International on the grass at Laurel

All doubts about Damascus' ability to go a *real* distance of ground, not just the mile and a quarter of the Woodward or even the mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes, were conclusively dispelled at Aqueduct last week. Mrs Thomas Bancroft's champion son of former champion Sword Dancer coasted home nearly five lengths in front of Handsome Boy in the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup. Way behind them, as Bill Shoemaker brought the winner home in a near-record 3:20⅘, were Successor and Gentleman James. It is almost impossible to overpraise Trainer Frank Whiteley for his management of this colt who now has 12 victories in 15 starts this year and a world record for earnings ($792,941) in one year.

You might suppose that Damascus had earned his retirement papers for the season following the Gold Cup last week, but the Bancrofts, the Woodwards, Trainer Whiteley and Jockey Shoemaker, believing they have on their hands an animal who is honed to perfection at the moment, have charted one more 1967 test for him. And it just might be a beauty. Next week, at Laurel, Md., Damascus (along with Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy) will carry the banner for the U.S. in the 16th running of the mile-and-a-half Washington D.C. International. The opposition in this comparatively new classic, which actually has been won only seven times by a runner representing this country, will include horses from England, France, Canada, Japan and possibly some from Australia, Venezuela, Chile and Russia.

The conditions of the International should not cause any great concern to Damascus. As a 3-year-old he will have to carry only 120 pounds, which means he will be getting seven pounds from older horses, and at the moment is there anyone in the house who can name a horse capable of giving Damascus seven pounds—and a beating—at a mile and a half? Answer, not in my house. The International, to be sure, is on grass, but it is unlikely that running over turf would bother an agile colt who already has been able to handle mud, slop and fast surfaces of any consistency. "This colt is always on his feet," says Shoemaker. "He's handled everything before, and with his quick, shifty action and perfect balance, he should be a natural on grass." Frank Whiteley agrees.

If the grass, the weight or the distance do not pose any problems for Damascus in the November 11th International, it seems almost equally probable that the opposition will not, either. Fort Marcy, an honest, hard-hitting gelding (by Amerigo out of the Princequillo mare Key Bridge), is a genuine grass runner. He has won six of 17 races this year and was only beaten a head by the longshot Ruffled Feathers in the mile-and-five-eighths Man o' War on October 21. Trainer Elliott Burch knows what he is about, and the U.S. team, on paper anyway, appears to be as strong as 1964's, when Kelso and Gun Bow ran one, two.

The outstanding foreign horse at Laurel next week will be Charles Engelhard's Ribocco who—although Kentucky-bred—has done his racing abroad and done it well. Already this year he has won the mile-and-three-quarter St. Leger and the mile-and-a-half Irish Derby. In last month's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, also at a mile and a half, Britain's champion jockey, Lester Piggott, brought him skillfully through a crowded 30-horse field at Longchamp to a near miss. Beaten only a neck and a short head, he was third behind the 82-to-1 shot Topyo and another longshot named Salvo, both of whose owners declined invitations to run in the International from Laurel President John Schapiro. Ribocco will represent England at Laurel, and his teammate will be another 3-year-old named In Command. The latter recently won the mile-and-three-eighths Prix Henry Delamarre in Paris on the disqualification of Queen Elizabeth's Hopeful Venture, after being beaten less than a length. In Command did not compete in the Arc and would appear to be somewhat outclassed in the company she will face over here.

It is a shame that France will not be sending over her Arc winner or even the fourth-place finisher, Roi Dagobert, for since Kelso's victory three years ago the French have won two straight Internationals with Diatome (Carvin II finished only a nose behind) and Behistoun—both ridden by Jean Deforge. The French, however, are bringing a sleeper in the 3-year-old filly Casaque Grise. A daughter of Arc Winner Saint Crespin, Casaque Grise won the mile-and-a-half Prix Vermeille (beating the Arc's fifth-place finisher, Heath Rose) and has been first or second in all six of her races this year. She is owned by Mme. François Dupré, which means that she is in the hands of France's all-time leading trainer, François Mathet, and will be ridden by Yves Saint-Martin.

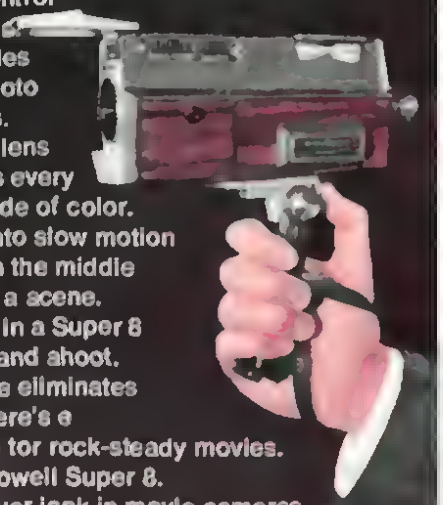
Bill Beasley's 4-year-old Round Table colt, He's A Smoothie, winner of the recent Canadian Championship, a mile and five-eighths at Woodbine, will represent Canada while another definite starter is Japan's Speed Symboli, also a 4-year-old. Both will be outsiders in this select field, and the same would go for anything invited out of this week's sectional classics in Venezuela and Chile. Australian-bred Tobin Bronze, a 5-year-old winner of 23 of his 43 lifetime starts who was bought two weeks ago for about $450,000 by Americans William Breliant and Irving Litz from Los Angeles, may make it to Laurel if proper air transportation can be arranged in time. The Russian champion, Anilin, now a 6-year-old veteran of two trips to Laurel (third in 1964 and second last year) has been invited back, but, following his third straight victory in the Preis Von Europa in Cologne, West Germany two weeks ago, he has returned to Moscow.

It will be a championship race, of sorts, at Laurel. At least, with Shoemaker, Saint-Martin and Piggott it will be a confrontation of champion jockeys. And my guess is that the red-and-white Belair Stud and Bancroft silks will be in the winner's circle. END


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A long run in the blues

The American Royal in Kansas City is, dependably, one of the country's fine horse shows, and this was one of its vintage years. Still, the star was not one of the horses in competition, but one who was there only to be retired.

This is true despite the fact that Russell Stewart and Airy Hall Plantation's Dear Brutus set a new record of seven feet in the puissance; despite Jolie Richardson's My-My taking another leg on the trophy in the five-gaited stake after retiring its predecessor; and despite the first defeat in a year for Duke of Daylight in the fine harness stake (by Mrs. F. D. Sinclair's Supreme Airs).

The retiring star was King Lee, now almost 18, whose career reads like a Walt Disney movie script, complete to the happy ending of a luxurious old age on rolling, well-kept acres. When he was a colt no one would take King Lee as a gift. He looked ragged as a Bowery panhandler and acted like a hippie on speed. He was a cattle-killer and was not the least interested in learning a decent trade, like being a show horse. His first owner at last succeeded in giving him away, and before too long so did his new one. As the horse got older he became a bit more valuable, once he was traded for a clock-radio and another time he was sold for $60.

But despite this orphan-of-the-storm colthood, he finally was taught, with some difficulty, how to do five gaits, and he made his debut as a 4-year-old and shortly thereafter was a winner at his first major show, the Missouri State Fair. Mrs. E. H. Green, his present owner, remembers seeing him then and also remembers overhearing a lady comment that a horse that could do that much as a junior would soon be used up and never make a stake horse. But King Lee was a stake winner for 14 years.

continued

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The horse that was hard to give away became the horse that was hard to beat. In 1958 Kathryn Means sold him to Judy Kaufman for $20,000.05 at Houston's Pin Oak show just before he won the amateur stake, and Trainer Art Simmons took over most of the showing. King Lee still had a habit of running away, and if he had been shown outdoors instead of in a ring his rider would have needed an air-mail stamp to let anyone know where they finally stopped. "He's like a jet engine," was Art's description.

"If you want to know what it feels like to ride King Lee," says 27-year-old Janet Green, whose father bought her the horse in 1964, "I can tell you in one word—*power*! If you ask him to trot and aren't set, he'll snap your neck."

Time apparently did little to sap the gelding's spirit and power. His winning record is a testimonial to his durability as well as his talent (he has 20 blues from the Missouri State Fair alone). This year, nine years after his first victory at Houston, he was again the amateur champion of the Pin Oak show. Then Janet decided to retire him at Kansas City while he was still on top. "It's so easy to be greedy," she said. "I keep thinking how I would love to go clobber them in Chicago, but I want to retire him before people start whispering it was long overdue." Not every horseman agreed. One, looking at King Lee on the crossties, remarked, "Hell, Janet, that horse's legs are in better shape than yours."

But the invitations to a champagne party went out, and presents, baskets of telegrams and letters came in return. Even the regrets were addressed to "Dear King Lee." Janet put on the gold brocade coat that she had had made especially for showing King Lee—and that everyone agreed should have been retired years before the horse. The buttons were off the sleeves; Janet had refused to replace them, fearing bad luck.

So the drums rolled and everyone applauded and Janet and King Lee went into the ring for the ceremony. And King Lee promptly ran away. Janet had no time for the tears everyone expected but had to cope instead. King Lee's saddle was replaced with a blanket of roses, and Janet led him to the gate for the last time. Actually, it was a little hard to tell who was leading whom. Janet's feet touched the ground about once every four strides. "I felt just like a yo-yo," she said. **END**

If you have a rotten handwriting wouldn't it be awful if you won the Head Ski Sun Valley Sweepstakes?

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One way not to pull is give the ball a push

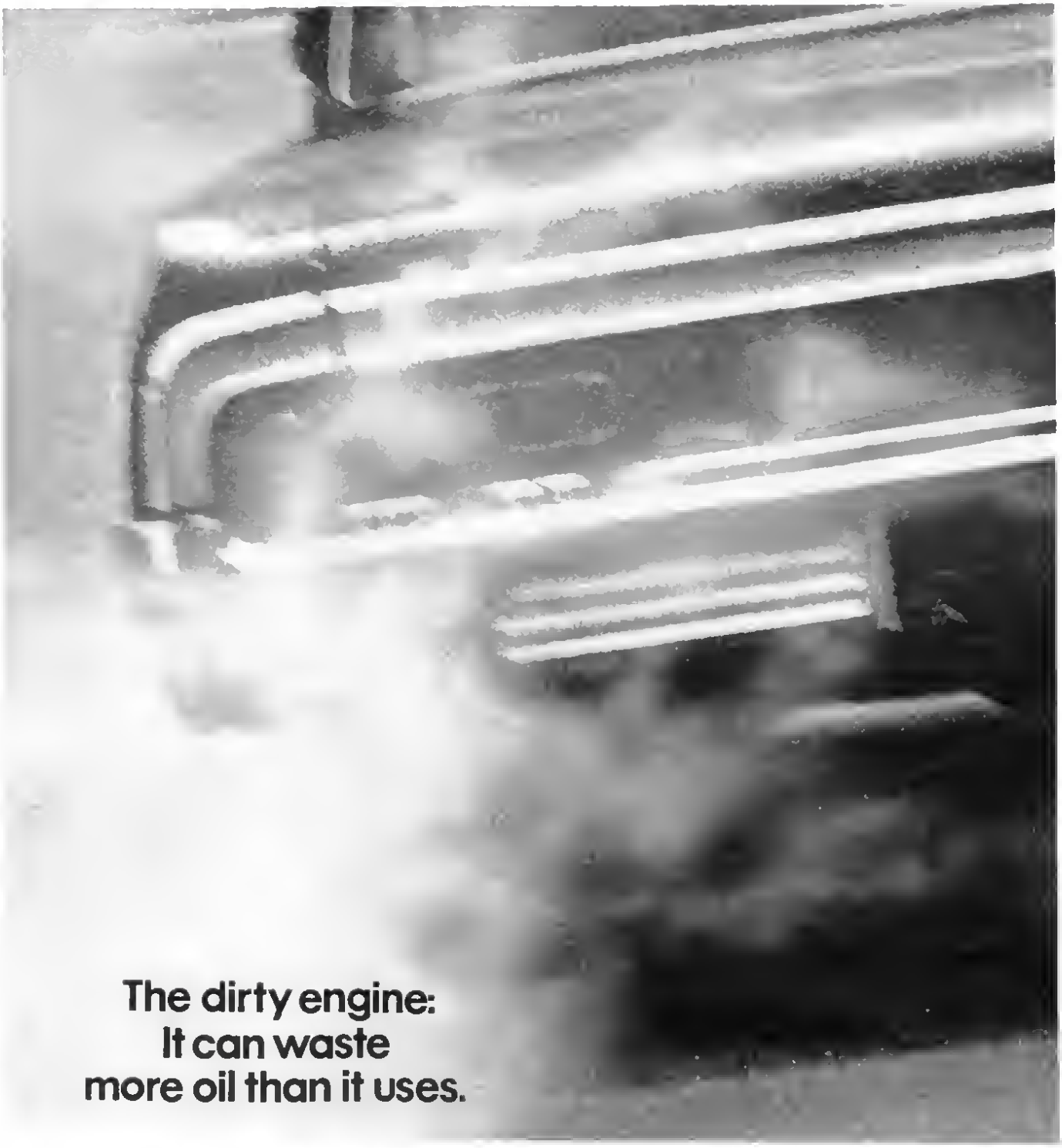


A pulled iron shot is a nuisance, in part because when you pull one you tend to repeat the mistake, much as you do when you start shanking. The pull, of course, does not look too bad; it does not hook or slice and feels firm coming off the club head, but it ends up 20 to 30 yards to the left of the green. There are three common causes for pulling an iron: 1) hitting the ball with an outside-in swing, 2) closing the club face somewhere during the swing and 3) starting with the ball too far forward in the stance. The first thing to do is check your stance. Every iron shot should be hit off the left heel, but no farther forward than that. Now concentrate on taking the club head back in a straight line and bringing it into the ball on the same straight line. Finally, make sure that the follow-through throws the club head out toward the hole and that you finish with your hands high, for a proper follow-through makes it almost impossible to pull the ball. If you feel that the rhythm of your swing is sound and that you are making good contact with the ball, you may succeed with the simplest cure of all for a pulled shot: try to push the shot instead. By concentrating on pushing the ball you may well move the club head into the proper groove.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

The pulled iron (dotted line) can be prevented by concentrating on hitting through to hole.

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But the favor isn't all one-sided. Sure, the Panel members supply the answers But BW editors feel that the *questions* help them learn about the interests and concerns of businessmen all over America (oops, *and* Canada). What they're learning on the platform is reflected in the editorial pages of BUSINESS WEEK

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CAUTION: bid this with care

If anybody were to ask me to name the most undesirable feature of the unusual no trump, I would have to say that it is not unusual enough Like the weak two-bid, it is optional equipment in the Goren method. But, having this shiny gadget in your arsenal, the temptation to use it becomes so great that you use it when you should not.

To recapitulate briefly, the unusual no trump is a bid invented on the spur of the moment by Alvin Roth. A no trump is unusual when it is made in circumstances where it cannot logically mean what it ordinarily would. For example, the bidding goes:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	1 ♥	PASS	3 ♥
3 N T.			

South cannot have a three-no-trump bid, because he passed originally. Therefore he is asking partner to take out. A double would ask partner to bid his best suit and would particularly encourage him to bid spades—the other major. The unusual no trump almost always asks partner to choose between minors.

This convention is especially valuable when opponents' preemptive tactics might make it difficult to show both minor suits with a strong two suiter. For example:

♠ 2 ♥ A 2 ♦ A Q J 9 4 ♣ A Q J 9 4

Your right-hand opponent bids one spade. If you double for takeout, there is the danger that your left-hand opponent will bid four spades and that your partner will be encouraged to bid five hearts, expecting you to furnish good support for that suit. Or there is a chance, if partner passes, that you will guess the wrong suit if you bid one of your minors, or he will bid hearts if you again ask him to bid a suit by repeating your takeout request with a four-no-trump call In addition, you will be dangerously overboard no matter what you do should partner hold a bust with support for neither minor. The solution is an immediate bid of two no trump—unusual—enabling partner to act over any preemptive bid, according to his hand.

The major trouble with this minor-suit no trump is its use when you cannot reasonably expect to buy the hand. All you do in this case is alert your opponents to the possible potholes on their road to success. For example:

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K Q 9 7 6
♥ 10 8 7 2
♦ 6
♣ Q 4 3

WEST
♠ 5 3 2
♥
♦ K J 10 8 7
♣ K 10 9 8 6

EAST
♠
♥ A J 9 5 4
♦ Q 4 3 2
♣ J 7 5 2

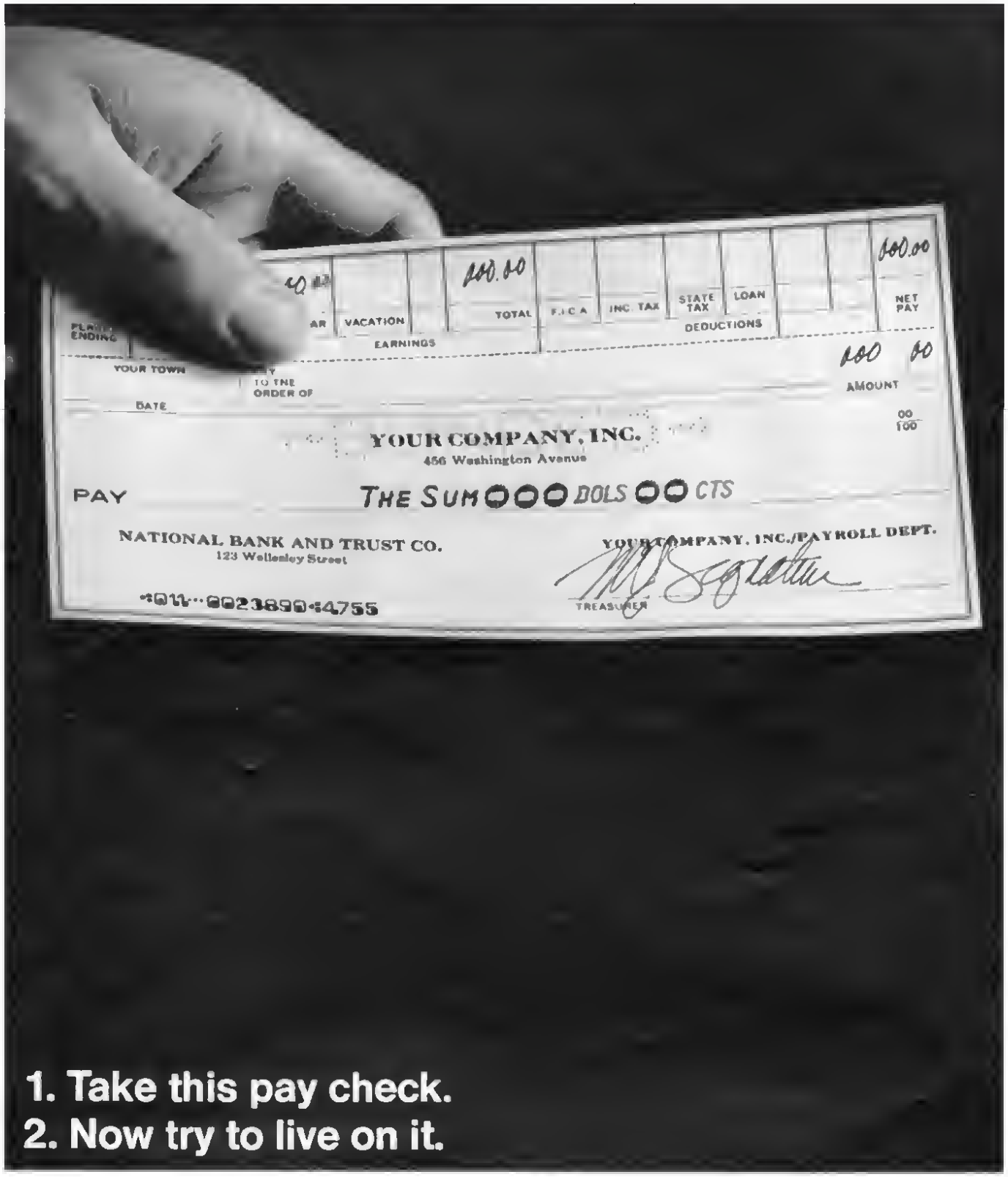
SOUTH
♠ A J 10 8 4
♥ K Q 6 3
♦ A 9 5
♣ A

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	2 N T	4 ♠	4 N T
6 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of diamonds

West's two-no-trump bid was unusual—and unwarranted. North's jump to four spades was preemptive. East's four-no-trump bid was also unusual, announcing support for both minors. South decided to let the opponents do their guessing at the seven level.

They elected to defend, and declarer won the first trick with the ace of diamonds and drew three rounds of trumps, ending in dummy. With no adverse bidding, declarer would have led a low heart to the queen, playing for a favorable location of the ace and a split of the suit, or the fall of the jack. But since West had trotted out the unusual no trump on two weak suits, the fact that he had followed to three rounds of spades almost guaranteed his void in hearts. So declarer's first lead from dummy was the 10 of hearts. East ducked; South did, too. It didn't matter what East played; his jack and 9 were trapped. With declarer able to get back to dummy twice via diamond ruffs, East could win only one heart trick END



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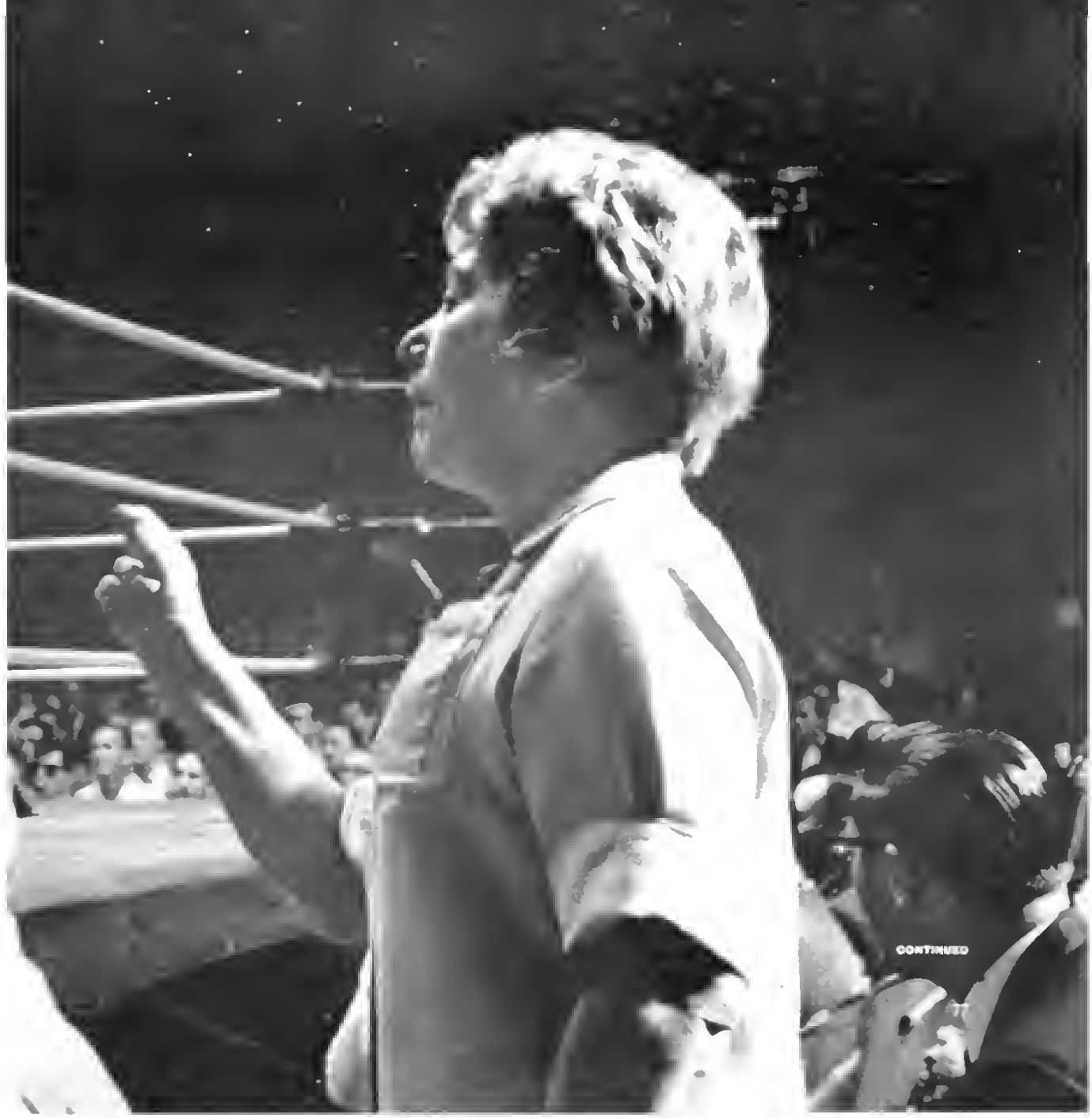
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THE LADY IS A CHAMP

She is Aileen Eaton, a woman in a man's game—fight promotion—that abounds in stealth and triple trickery. Dictatorial yet feminine, she is loved by some, hated by others and feared by all

BY MARK KRAM



CONTINUED

Now there she is sitting under an apple tree, like some sweet, aging lady who looks for unusual birds and thinks that *Oil for the Lamps of China* was the last great picture made. What a gentle, uncomplicated sweetheart she is, sitting there talking about the Indian summers of her Vancouver youth and the music that was made at twilight of every evening in her father's house. Next time, you think, you must take her for a nice long ride in the country so she can see the billboards and say: "My, how everything has changed."

Certainly this cannot be the feared Lady Aileen of boxing's gold coast, not the woman known by such names as Madame Nhu, The Dragon Lady, Ma Barker, The Man-Eating Lotus Flower and The Woman, the one who knows how to tape a hand or a fight manager's mouth, scale a house to the seat or shave a pitchman who thinks he has all the pitches? That's her, all right, under the apple tree: Aileen Eaton, the biggest and maybe the most powerful boxing promoter in the world today, the same Aileen Eaton who last week staged the Jerry Quarry-Floyd Patterson heavyweight elimination fight in Los Angeles.

So do not think of her as a delicately declining lady on the brink of warm milk and a shawl and nice long drives in the country. For one thing, no one takes Aileen Eaton for a ride. She does the driving, in the longest Cadillac in southern California, and usually to a place where you pick up cards and dice. The Lady moves, that is, when she has time. Politically lethal, she has been a forceful figure in at least two campaigns, in one of which Attorney General Thomas Lynch won and Pierre Salinger lost. She once ran for the city council and lost, too, but that was the exception. Do not try to beat her on her own turf.

Currently, the major areas of boxing promotion in this country are New York, New England, Philadelphia, Miami and Los Angeles. The best of these is L.A. Monolithic Madison Square Garden is impersonal; Subway Sam Silverman of Boston, Worcester, Portland and points unforeseen in New England is a freebooting ferret who makes a score only occasionally; Herman Taylor, Philadelphia, a grumpy patriarch, is an anachronism; and Miami's Chris Dundee knows how to turn a dollar—any way he can.

All of these promoters are professional, meaning they are able to count, are sufficiently learned in the art of buncombe and have just the proper amount of probity in them to survive. Aileen Eaton is no different. She has all these qualities that are considered so necessary to the marksman in boxing, but she never cuts herself in on a fighter's earnings, an illegal practice for a promoter but one that is still rampant in the sport.

"A couple of her matchmakers used to have pieces of fighters or cut them," says Harry Kabakoff, alias Melville Himmelfarb or, as he calls himself, El Ruso Loco (The Mad Russian). Melville must be considered an authority on this subject. Once an assistant matchmaker for Mrs. Eaton hut not unreasonably larcenous, Melville was never known in those days for his excessive charity. "But Ma Barker," he says, "never cuts a fighter. She has the power, she could have all kinds of fighters, you know, a manager comes up to her and says, 'Here, take my part of my boy. You can make him.' "

Aileen Eaton does not want part of any boy. She runs her polished operation like a business, one that is refreshingly interested in the people who allow her business to exist. Quite simply, she performs. Dictatorial and charming and often intolerant of imperfection, she is everywhere during her weekly shows at the Olympic Auditorium, an ancient, graying, high-ceiling fortress of boxing on South Grand Ave. She is on television selling her next show, or gently or ungently reprimanding a customer for bad manners. Her security, despite a riot in 1964 that forced her to take out a bank loan so she could restore the Olympic, is the best one can attain at a fight. Sartorial untidiness—television is the influence—also distracts her. She constantly badgers referees to wear blue shirts and ties and insists ringside customers facing the cameras wear jackets.

Before a show she is just as conscious of detail, busying herself with such things as seating comfort for her spectators. In the days preceding the first Quarry-

continued



Mrs. Eaton, who has a rapport with boxers not enjoyed by many promoters, talks with Jerry Quarry as Floyd Patterson addresses diners during fight buildup.

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Patterson bout at Memorial Coliseum she could be seen on her hands and knees measuring the space between each chair with a tape, there was not a cramped seat in the house. On other days she hears complaints from customers concerning decisions, keeps club members (who get choice seats at $1 off on each ticket) informed of forthcoming cards and schemes to build young fighters into attractions. Finally there is the relentless, daily jousting with managers who, with the skill of the best quarter horses, can cut a buck out of the rubble of a city dump, and have robbery in their souls and disloyalty forever in their minds.

The treatment of these old pirates, a curiously likable tribe, is a delicate diplomacy, requiring at various times cajolery, intimidation, sabotage and tenacity. Be kind, a bit servile and honest, and the manager will be suspicious, if not repelled by your ignorance of his character and ethics. He is only confused briefly, though, and then you are relieved of your ignorance and your bank account. Be crude, profane and stealthy, and the manager is respectful because he knows that you understand the nature of his game, a deeply shadowed realm of migratory and marginal people who live lives of half-truths and no truths, tricks, double tricks and triple tricks.

"In the last 20 years," says Melville, now the manager of Jesus Pimentel, the No. 1 bantamweight behind Champion Fighting Harada, "I've seen her put fear into managers, many of them trying to give her hell. I've seen her attack managers with her purse, kick 'em downstairs and even raise her fist to them. But you always get a good count even if the lights are out, which no doubt she shot out in the first place arguing over a quarter."

Unlike Melville, most managers remain mute concerning Aileen Eaton. All managers must deal with her eventually, and in California, where there are more

continued



A woman who personally attends to the smallest details of her large operation, Aileen explains seat location to a favored old customer in Olympic Auditorium lobby.



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desperate and busted managers than anywhere else, they need The Woman if they are to survive. Survival comes in the form of a loan—$100, $300—and if and when the maoager comes up with an ioteresting fighter, Aileen, smiling and charming, just reaches out like a giant squid and uses the boy without having to tolerate the usual preliminary gas from the manager. Says one: "When thiogs get bad, I call her number in L.A. collect. I'm in bad shape and I say, 'I've got to have $500.' She says, 'You'll take $300.' She beats your brains out, I'll tell the world, but you get the money."

"Take this incident," says another manager. "There's this retired businessman who now manages fighters, and he also has a reputation for saviog a buck. Well, the other day he tries to drive his car into the exit line of the coin parking lot outside the Olympic. Now, he's going the wrong way, maybe to save a few cents, see. Well, they've got these spikes, and they rip through two of his tires. He goes up to The Woman's office to see if she's got insurance for her parking gate. Hah! 'No,' she says, lookio' at him like he's crazy, 'but if your car is still there I'd appreciate the 50 cents.' "

"Sure," says Melville, secretly admiring her unruffled manner and boxing acumen, "she has the face of a rock, but she's not all rock. Just recently I go back to my room and all of a sudden I'm dying. I can't move one of my legs. Who do I call? Nobody's up at this hour. Who's gonna help? Another fight manager? So I call Aileen. 'Aileeo,' I says, 'I'm dyin'. I got to get to a hospital.' So she says, 'You ought to die, Melville, you're such a liar.' I say that I know all of that but she was the only one I could turn to. 'That's all right,' she says. 'I had to get up and turn the televisioo off anyway.' So she gets somebody to pick me up and then pays all the bills. She's not all rock."

One guesses that ofteo, perhaps more than ever before, she is relieved at those times when she is away from boxing, that she even is embarrassed that she is io the sport. She appears to have a deep contempt for the people she has to deal with, for those who have eroded The Lady she dreamed of io some long-ago time. "I am a lady away from boxing," she re-

continued





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peats often, as if no one really believes it. She is, though, fond of fighters, many of whom she consoles with a kiss on the cheek when she is not prodding them in an effort to help them capitalize on their short, violent careers in a sport not notable for any form of almsgiving.

Violence does not jar her, but its aftermath does. If a fighter is hurt, she will not leave the hospital until he is cleared by a neurologist. When Davey Moore was killed in 1963, she made all the mortuary arrangements and generally conducted herself like the stand-up person many insist she is. Although she never appears hurt by any comment, she does wince when someone quotes a line circulating around L.A., which goes: "Aileen said Davey Moore wasn't hurt. 'Oh,' she said, 'he just has a broken nose.' Yeah, and Paret died of pneumonia."

Whether there is any truth or not in the line, Aileen Eaton is, as one manager put it, "very unstupid." Her weekly boxing shows gross close to $1 million each year, and her wrestling shows, directed by her son Mike, do better yet. Even in her youth there were never any real problems, financial or domestic, unless you count the flutist who lived in her father's apartment house, he never did understand the meaning of *pianissimo* and often in her father's musical seances he sounded like he was in the front rank of an American Legion band. The apartment in Vancouver, B.C., the town in which Aileen was born to a Polish refugee father and a New Zealand mother, was warm and alive. "It was a happy life," says Aileen, "and a fine place for a little girl."

She would not always enjoy such solvency or happiness. Eventually her parents, who had taken to wintering in California, moved to Los Angeles. Aileen married Maurice LeBell after graduation from high school. Her husband became an osteopath, but she wanted a career of her own. She went to work in a law office and in the evenings studied law. When Mike became ill—there was another son, Gene, and later a stepson, Bob Eaton—she reluctantly chose to quit school. Her husband, paralyzed after a near drowning, died in 1941. Aileen was forced to start scrambling for a living.

continued



Used to be, all hell broke loose when the computer couldn't compute. Vice presidents went off the deep end. Costs rocketed. Hands shook. Voices got shrill.

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Note to V.P.'s in Charge of Computers: The name of this policy is "Electronic Data Processing." If some inner voice tells you to get on the stick and find out about it before your boss does, call or write. (Look in the Yellow Pages.)

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not any living, she decided, but a profitable one.

"We had no social security," she says, "and we didn't carry the insurance people do today. I had nothing left to take care of the children with. I finally put them in California Military Academy on a trade deal. I handled the academy's advertising in exchange for room and board for the boys."

It was through advertising that Aileen got into boxing. She landed an account with the owner of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, who also had the Olympic Auditorium. The promoter to whom the Olympic was leased was not doing well, and the Athletic Club had to support the arena. Aileen moved quickly. She brought the Olympic owner together with one Cal Eaton, who was an inspector for the state athletic commission. Eaton, a cultured Clifton Webb caricature who wore a thin mustache and his hat tilted at just the right angle, became the boxing promoter. Eaton divorced his wife in 1947, and he and Aileen married two years later.

The Eatons, along with Matchmaker Babe McCoy, cut up a lot of money together, despite the fact the '50s were dominated by Jim Norris' International Boxing Club, sometimes known as Octopus, Inc., and the now incarcerated Frankie Carbo, known variously as Mr. Gray, The Man or The Traveling Salesman. Everybody bought from The Salesman. In the mid-'50s the Cox investigation revealed Los Angeles to be a back-alley slum of boxing. McCoy, because of blatant chicanery and thievery, was in trouble. A beach ball of a man, vengeful and vicious, he hated and liked certain people with great excess. Though he had once been fond of Aileen, he went to his grave hating her, claiming that she and her husband Cal had tossed him to the wolves and that they never did honor a deal that sliced him in on part of the play at the Olympic after his enforced retirement. "I loved Babe," says Aileen. "I paid a lot of his attorney's fees and loaned him money. Why would he hate me?"

Maybe only Babe knew that, but the investigation found that boxing in California was an endless series of fixed

continued

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fights, cheated boxers, indiscriminate licensing of criminals, monopoly and only the participants know what else. Now only monopoly is cried in Los Angeles, and most of that is done by Aileen Eaton's rival promoters. With assistance from them, she knocked them all out of the box.

Her technique seldom varied. She would open with a pestiferous ploy by objecting to the commission in Sacramento (where she employed a lobbyist) to the licensing of another promoter. Then she would load up a show and schedule it near the opponent's. This, along with her constant scrapping with managers, made her one of the most vilified and acutely disliked figures in sports, and inspired various comment, ranging from base gossip about her personal life to charges that she controlled the commission and was more than adept at subtle bribery of the press.

"Goodness!" shouts Aileen, "the commission doesn't give me everything I want. Look at Governor Pat Brown. I campaigned for him, and he wanted to abolish boxing. And the press. If you give a man $300, how do you know he won't take $600 from your rival?"

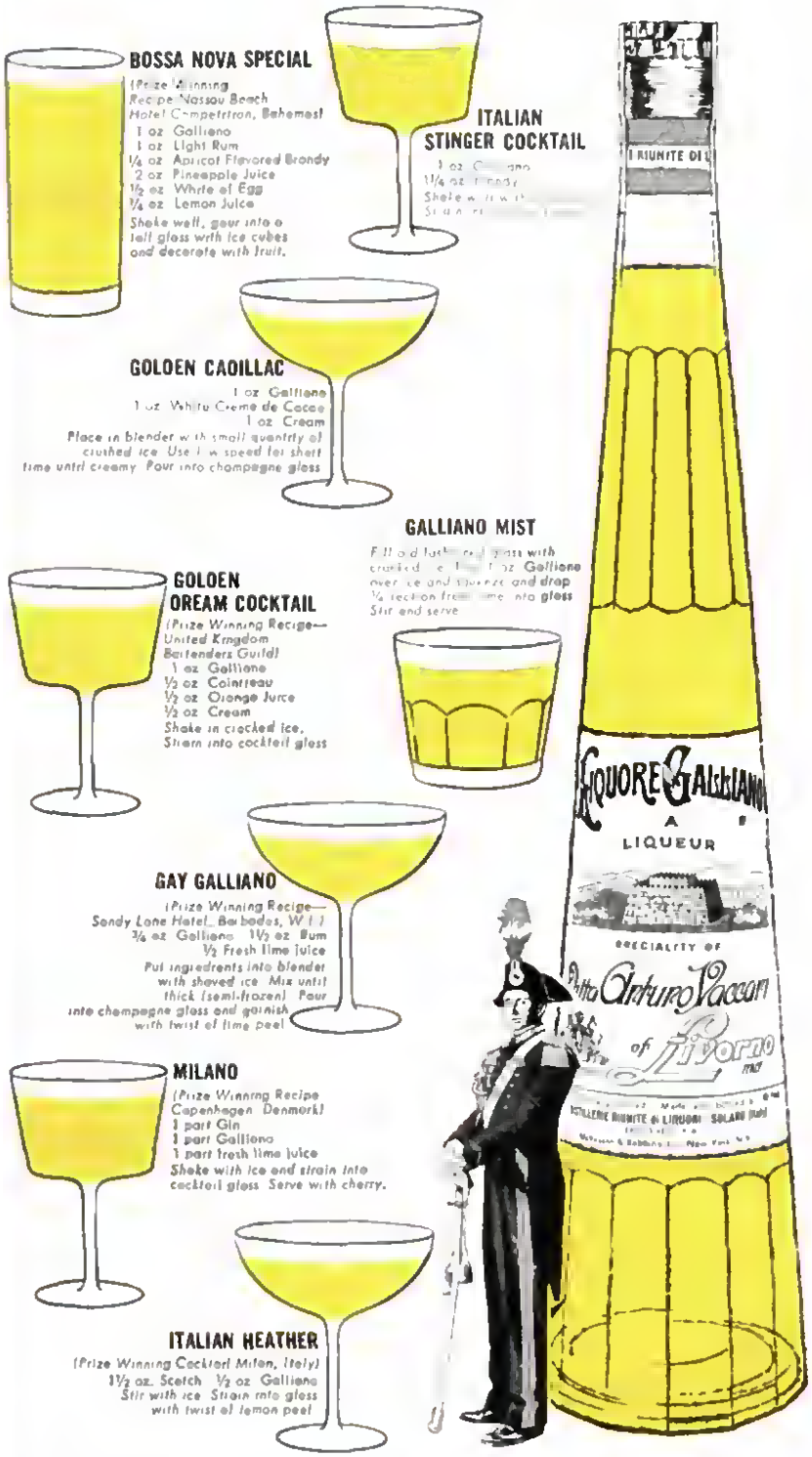
The press, like many of the managers, would like to have another promoter in Los Angeles but, unfortunately, most of those who have pitched their tents have been promotional dolts. "A competent promoter who knows the business," says Melville, "could make money in this town. There's been a lot of promoters, but mostly gypsy groups who gave ridiculous guarantees. These guys were kids taking on a world champion. O.K., you go with one of them, get your $1,000 more than you would from Ma. Then the promoter goes out of business, and you have to crawl back on your hands and knees. Ma has flattened them all. It's the organization. The others were like three-ring circuses. Ma's like a machine."

One promoter whom many claim was flattened by Aileen is Leo Minskoff. Says Minskoff: "I consider Aileen to be one of the smartest promoters in the country. She's building up young fighters and making big paydays. I have no bitterness toward her." Yet, wasn't it true that he once did not feel so kindly toward her?

continued

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"Oh," he says, "that's right *in* a way, but I never blamed my failures on her. I partially blamed people like Don Fraser —he is now my friend who I thought was spreading untruths about me [Fraser was Aileen's publicity man] O.K., maybe she did go out of her way to hurt me sometimes. Like the night of the Quarry-Alongi fight, she ran a big wrestling show. This was a regular wrestling night but the commission should have done something about it. Then she tried to block me when my license came up for renewal. She said she was building up fighters and I was stealing them. I never did. I only used one of her fighters once, and that was Quarry. She held something against me that she was guilty of. Joe Louis was promoting and I loaned Joe some money. He brought in Cassius Clay to fight George Logan. Then she steals Clay to fight Lavorante and Archie Moore.

"But she withdrew her objections to our getting a license when she saw she wasn't getting anywhere. I know she tried to block Don Fraser, who went on his own. You know what I told him. I said he should see each of the commissioners individually and that he wouldn't have any trouble. His license was granted. One thing is for sure. Having a lot of money in this town won't help a promoter. She's got a 10,000-seat arena and best of all, she's got a good television contract. She's a machine, all right." The Machine never stops. Except for a few trips to Las Vegas, occasional parties and a weekly trip to the beauty parlor, Aileen Eaton never breaks her routine. She leaves her house early in the morning, goes to the office, then to the bank and back to the office. She returns home late at night. On one such night an incident occurred that tells much about her. She was accosted in the driveway by a pair of bandits. The two slapped her in the mouth and ripped away her necklace and tore off her bracelet. Why not, they decided, tie her up and put her in the trunk and demand a ransom? "No, don't be stupid," she advised. Kidnapping, she told them, as if she were conducting a symposium, would get them gas, but robbery, well, they would only get a few years. The two thought and then agreed

continued

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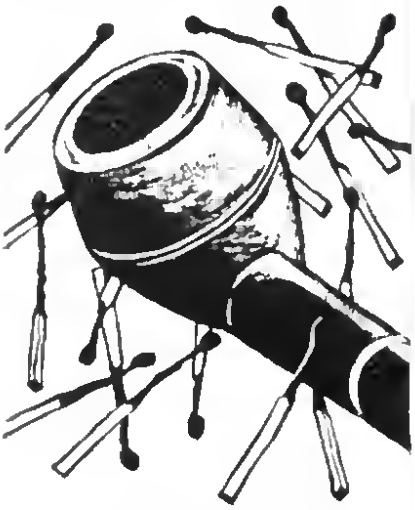
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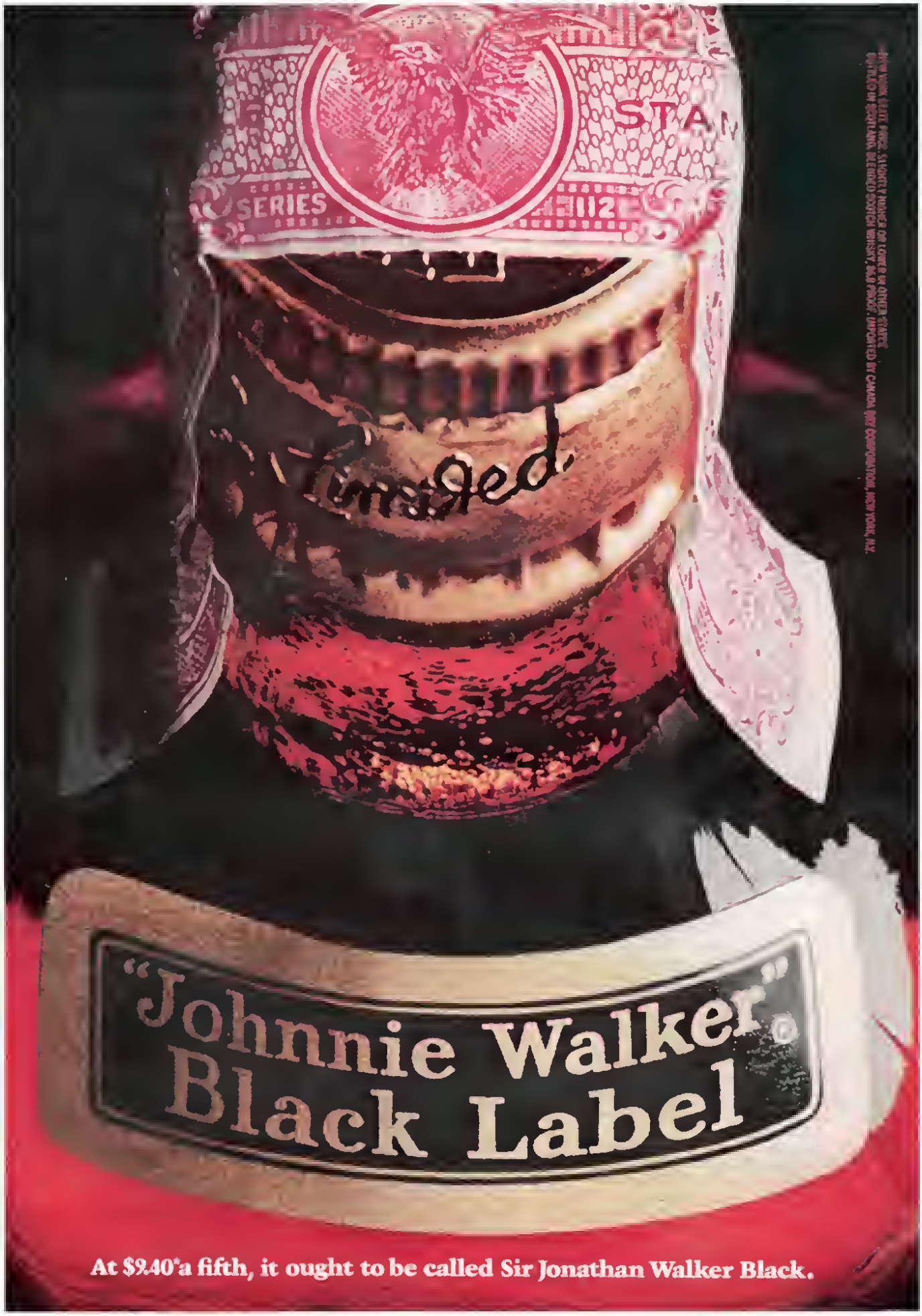
to loot only the house. They wanted her to direct the tour. "Not on your life," she said. "My husband is a very sick man and he can't be disturbed." Exasperated, they started arguing with each other and a neighbor hollered out. The pair fled and Aileen, her feet partially tied, got up and stumbled after them, waving her hands. She managed to get the license-plate number, and the bunglers were later caught. "If people are going to steal," says Aileen disdainfully, "they should know how."

So her life races into the 60s, and one wonders why—alone again, now that her second husband is dead—she persists in the face of so much abuse and what really pushes her along this strange and dark side of sport. Greed seems beyond her, but she does appear, behind her mask, to enjoy power over people and situations, and maybe even secretly to like being called vicious and cunning and a ruthless old chick who is No.1 in a game in which no woman may ever tread again. Or, perhaps, she delights in being the personification of the kind of woman once described by a 6¢-cigar smoker.

"Whatever their outward show of respect for a man's merit and authority, they always regard him secretly as an ass and with something akin to pity. His most gaudy sayings and doings seldom deceive them: they see the actual man within and know him for a shallow and pathetic fellow."

Yet, more than anything, she seems chased by loneliness and by the hope that the next deal, the next great bargaining caper, will ease away what it is that aches inside her. But it never does, and on many nights, very late and when the wind is softly stroking the guava and olive trees in her yard, she walks into the big, empty house littered with phones and toy dogs and there The Incomparable Buzzsaw gently releases her melancholy through a piano. It is a long time before a little girl standing in an Indian summer twilight envelops all the fighters with cut eyes and all the managers with won ton soup on their ties. **END**





At $9.40* a fifth, it ought to be called Sir Jonathan Walker Black.



THE HUMAN TORPEDO ACT. These sea rats actually planned to blow-up the bed rock supporting Manhattan, and sink it! Thus raising the value of meadow land they owned in New Jersey.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL The YOMIURI GIANTS of Tokyo won Japan's World Series for the ninth time defeating the Hankyu Braves four games to two

BASKETBALL NBA BOSTON (5-0) the league's only unbeaten team gained first place in the Eastern Division with three more victories The Celtics defeated the Hawks 118–104 on Sam Jones's 25 points and Player-Coach Bill Russell's 25 rebounds, the Pistons 128–109 and gave PHILADELPHIA (5-1), halt a game behind in second, its first defeat, 104–95, in six games Before falling to the Celtics the 76ers had beaten the Pistons 124–102, the Knicks 117–114 and the SuperSonics 132–115 as Hal Greer totaled 97 points With rookie Earl Monroe scoring 25 points, BALTIMORE (3-2) defeated the Sonics 136–125, and with Monroe and Ray Scott combining for 54 points the Bullets whacked the Rockets 125–109 The Bullets then dropped a 124–111 game to the Warriors CINCINNATI (4-3) and DETROIT (3-3) each split four games In the Royals victories, they subdued the Sonics 106–94 and wriggled by the Rockets 116–113 Dave Bing scored 31 points to lead the Pistons to a 107–99 victory over the Bulls while John Trevant tossed in 25 points as the Pistons handed NEW YORK (1-5) its fifth straight defeat, 111–98 Earlier in the week the Knicks lost to the Hawks and the 76ers ST LOUIS (8-1) went 2½ games ahead in the Western Division by edging the Knicks 135–130 when Len Wilkins scored 10 points in overtime The Hawks seven-game winning streak ended, however, with a loss to the Celtics, but a new one started with a 116–109 win over the Sonics LOS ANGELES (4-2) won two in a row, routing the Royals 132–116 and bashing the Bulls 125–117 SAN FRANCISCO (5-4) took three straight games with Nate Thurmond scoring 37 points and grabbing 28 rebounds in a 147–126 win over the Rockets The last three teams in the division lost every game they played as SEATTLE (1-8) dropped four straight, SAN DIEGO (1-8) three and CHICAGO (0-7) two

ABA Eastern Division leader INDIANA (6-1) gained its fifth straight victory, 121–101 over Dallas, before splitting two with Oakland while second-place PITTSBURGH (3-1), 1½ games back beat New Jersey 110–107 as former Harlem Globetrotter Connie Hawkins scored 34 points The Pipers then lost to Minnesota 104–86, beat Denver 91–77 on Hawkins' 29 points and 22 rebounds and defeated Dallas 92–86 NEW JERSEY (2-2) followed its loss to the Pipers with two straight victories—118–100 over Minnesota and 134–131 over Kentucky on Art Heyman's 30 points—and a 126–109 defeat by Denver KENTUCKY (2-3) beat Minnesota 104–98, Anaheim 128–127 and lost to New Jersey Last-place MINNESOTA (1-3) dropped three of four In the Western Division NEW ORLEANS (3-1) won two, 101–97 over Dallas before 600 in Memphis and 104–94 over Houston while OAKLAND (3-2), DENVER (3-3) and ANAHEIM (1-5) all split two DALLAS (2-3) lost three of four, and HOUSTON (1-4) dropped both its games

BOXING California's JERRY QUARRY gained a 12-round decision over Floyd Patterson in a heavyweight elimination bout in Los Angeles (*page 20*)

FOOTBALL AFL OAKLAND (6-1) took over first place in the West from San Diego (5-1-1) by crushing the Chargers 51–10 on the outstanding play of Daryle Lamonica and Clem Daniels Lamonica threw a 40-yard touchdown pass to Daniels, a 70-yarder to Fred Biletnikoff for another score and ran for two more touchdowns Daniels also scored on a short run and with 94 yards rushing became the first man in the league to gain over 5,000 yards on the ground KANSAS CITY (4-3) piled up 42 points in the first half as Len Dawson threw three TD passes and Mike Garrett scored twice and the Chiefs whacked last-place Denver (1-7) 52–9 Trailing by 10 points after the first period and by six points at the half, Eastern Division leader NEW YORK (5-1-1) tied Boston (2-5-1) at the end of three quarters on three Jim Turner field goals The Jets finally beat the Patriots 30–23 when Joe Namath tossed his second TD pass of the day with nine minutes to play Altogether Namath completed 22 passes for 362 yards HOUSTON (4-2-1) one game behind in second place, beat humbling Buffalo (2-5) 10–3 when Quarterback Pete Beathard scored a TD from the one yard line in the third period

NFL NEW YORK (4-3) upset Cleveland (4-3) 38–34 as Fran Tarkenton connected on two touchdown passes to Joe Morrison within a 42-second span in the third quarter Earlier in the game Tarkenton hit Aaron Thomas with a 32-yard scoring pass and ran for a 15-yard TD Rookie Don Shy charged 33 yards for a touchdown in the final minutes and PITTSBURGH (2-5) edged New Orleans (0-7) 14–10 PHILADELPHIA (4-3) surprised Capitol Division leader Dallas (5-2) by scoring all its points in the first half for a 21–14 victory, while Coastal Division leader BALTIMORE (5-0-2), the only undefeated team in either league, beat Washington (2-3-2) 17–13 by scoring 10 points in the final quarter LOS ANGELES (4-1-2) defeated Chicago (2-5) 28–17 as Halfback Tommy Mason tossed a 51-yard TD pass to Bernie Casey Quarterback Roman Gabriel accounted for the rest of the scoring with two touchdown passes and a short TD run DETROIT (3-3-1) upset San Francisco (5-2) 45–3 while Randy Johnson tossed two TD passes and Linebacker Tommy Nobis scored the clinching touchdown with a 41-yard runback of an intercepted pass to lead ATLANTA (1-5-1) to its first victory of the season 21–20 over Minnesota (1-5-1)

GOLF Defending Champion JACK NICKLAUS shot a 72-hole total of 270 to take the $100,000 Sahara Invitational in Las Vegas by one stroke over Steve Spray of Cedar Rapids, Iowa The victory Nicklaus' fifth of the year, boosted his PGA season earnings to a record $188,998.08 and moved him ahead of Arnold Palmer, who dropped to second with $182,915.07

HOCKEY NHL MONTREAL (5-1-2) held onto the Eastern Division lead by tying the Rangers 3–3 and beating the Blues 4–1, while DETROIT (5-2-1) with three straight wins—1–0 over the Blues on Paul Henderson's third-period goal, 8–2 over the Seals and 3–1 over the Flyers—moved into second place, one point behind the Canadiens BOSTON (4-1-1) beat the Kings 2–0 in the Bruins' only game of the week as Gerry Cheevers made 26 saves and John Bucyk scored both goals and NEW YORK (3-1-3), tied for third with Boston, defeated the Penguins 6–4 The Rangers then drew with the Hawks and the Canadiens TORONTO (4-3-0) ended a three-game losing streak by handing the Kings their first loss, 4–2, and beating the Seals 5–2 while CHICAGO (1-6-1) extended its winless efforts to seven by dropping a 5–3 game to the Kings and tying the Rangers 2–2, before beating the North Stars 4–2 as Bobby Hull scored his eighth and ninth goals of the season In the Western Division first-place LOS ANGELES (4-2-2) split four games while PITTSBURGH (3-5-1), three points behind in second, dropped two and won one PHILADELPHIA (3-3-0) took its third game in a row, 5–2 over the Seals, before losing to the Red Wings, and MINNESOTA (2-3-2) scurried out of a last-place tie to a share of third with the Flyers when Ray Cullen scored the winning goal with 2:14 to go in a 3–2 victory over the Blues The North Stars then lost to the Black Hawks CALIFORNIA (2-5-1) dropped four in a row while ST LOUIS (1-5-2) extended its winless streak to five with three more losses

HORSE RACING Mrs Edith W Bancroft's DAMASCUS ($2.60) raised his 1967 earnings to a one-year record of $792,941 when he beat Handsome Boy by 4½ lengths in the $106,600 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct (*page 64*)

STRAIGHT DEAL ($3.60) Mrs Ethel D Jacobs' 5-year-old daughter of Hail to Reason, all but clinched handicap mare honors when Howard Grant rode her to a neck victory over Amergo Lady, who was later placed third for interference in the 1¼-mile Spinster Stakes at Keeneland

Meadow Stable's 2-year-old bay daughter of Bold Ruler SYRIAN SEA ($6) gained her third stakes victory with a two-length win over stablemate Gay Matelda in the 1⅛-mile $109,330 Selima Stakes at Maryland's Laurel Race Course

With Tommy Walsh up, Mrs William C Riker's 10-year-old BAMPTON CASTLE ($3.60) defeated last year's winner Lumiere by 17 lengths in the three-mile $55,000 Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap at Aqueduct

MOTOR SPORTS BOBBY ALLISON of Hueytown, Ala gained his first major NASCAR victory when he averaged 98.387 mph in a 1967 Ford to take the American 500 in Rockingham, N C (*page 26*)

New Zealander BRUCE McLAREN drove his McLaren-Chevrolet at a record 114.4 mph to beat Texan Jim Hall in a Chaparral, by four seconds in the $83,000 Los Angeles Times Grand Prix—the fifth race in the Can Am series It was McLaren's second straight win in the series and gave him the lead by three points over fellow Kiwi Denis Hulme

MILEPOSTS SUPPORTED By the NCAA, the SEC's suspension of MISSISSIPPI STATE's basketball team from postseason competition through 1969 for recruiting violations

CREDITS

23—Herb Scharfman 25—Bob Peterson 26, 27—Eric Schweikardt 28, 29—Arthur Shay 34—John F Jaqua, Tony Triolo 35, 38—Tony Triolo 46 Don Uhrbrock 54 left France Soir, Scoop 76 92—Sheedy & Long

FACES IN THE CROWD



PETER GREEN, 26, the Michigan State 1967 amateur golf champion, finished in a tie for first place with last year's Middle Atlantic winner, Bill Hyndman III of Philadelphia, then took the title when he birdied the first hole of the sudden-death playoff in Chevy Chase, Md



JOANIE MARTINI of Upland, Calif won the national girls' 9-and-under water-ski speed title in her first full year of competition when she accumulated 3,600 points in five sanctioned meets, including first place in the championship on Mission Bay in San Diego



CHARLES LANE, a 50-year-old weekend and summer angler out of Sea Isle City, N J, landed a 21-pound, two-ounce bluefish the largest ever taken on rod and reel in American waters—for an unofficial world record in the 50-pound test-line class



JIM JONES, a 175-pound quarterback for John Harris High School in Harrisburg, Pa, completed 81 of 128 passes for 20 TDs and 1,391 yards as he paced his team to a 7-0 record so far this year, extending the Pioneers' winning streak to 32 straight victories



JOHN MAGEE, a 33-year-old Volkswagen sales manager in Rochester, N Y, averaged 83.5 mph for 167 laps (with Co-driver Bill Scott) to win his second consecutive Formula Vee Grand Prix victory at the Steel Cities International Raceway near Warren, Ohio



DICK GILBERT, 13, son of a Washington, D C doctor, practiced for his first hunting trip by "dry-shooting" at magazine pictures in his living room He then went out and bagged a wolf, a 1,000 pound bear, a bull moose and a caribou in the tundra of Alaska

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HEAD START

Sirs

Thanks to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Tom Brody for the concise and accurate preview of the first American Basketball Association season (*The ABA: Playing the Game Called Survival*, Oct 23). Mr. Brody gives no illusions of grandeur, but tells it like it is. The ABA is only as strong as the individuals who run it and who play in it.

One example of good management and good team performance (which result in great attendance) is in Indianapolis, where the Indiana Pacers play most of their home encounters. As Mr. Brody pointed out, few people worked as hard as General Manager Mike Storen and his staff to make the season's lid-lifter a success. Apparently, his efforts were not in vain.

Official attendance for the opener in the Indiana State Fairgrounds Coliseum was given as 9,135 paid. Evidently this total was given to please the fire marshal. Actual attendance was well over that figure, which also does not include the 2,000 fans turned away at the gate. The start of the game was delayed half an hour in order to get everyone in. In Chicago only 2,234 were in attendance for the Bulls' home opener.

Was this just a flash in the pan in Indianapolis? No. Four days later 6,000 were on hand to watch the Pacers go 2-0 for the young ABA season. Whether the NBA realizes it or not, the ABA is for real.

JON CUSTER

Lawrence, Ind.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your write-up about the American Basketball Association. On the road on business last week I happened to go to one of the ABA games. I did not expect much. To my surprise I found a better and more interesting game, many new faces and excellent players. I suddenly realized that I am tired of the same old NBA teams and have a new interest in the ABA. I hope they make it.

ED MULFORD

Monroe, Conn.

KNICKKNACKS

Sirs

As an ardent Knick fan for many years, I have been through the gamut. How well I remember the blown 20-point leads, the humiliating romps, the 10-game losing streaks, the 250 finishes and the clowns who made it all possible. Frank Deford's article, *New York Gets a Top Team at Last* (Oct. 23), is an excellent assessment of today's Knicks, a team that will put pride in the hearts of its fans and coins in the pockets of Ned Irish. The only question that must be answered is, can Bill Bradley ever replace Ron Sobieszczyk?

LARRY WIESEN

Cleveland

Sirs

Why did you do it? Why did you put the Knicks on your cover? Nothing worse could have happened to them. The Knicks have lost five out of six since your article came out. There's no telling what else can happen to them now.

BRIAN BOEHM

Sea Cliff, N.Y.

Sirs

Once Bill Bradley arrives from the service and gets in shape, the Knicks will even give Philadelphia a run for its money. All in all, it still looks like an exciting and adventurous season ahead for New York fans.

RICHARD TORTI

Kearny, N.J.

Sirs:

In his article on the New York Knicks, Frank Deford hinted that during the winter New York is a basketball town first and a hockey town second. Last year the Knicks averaged 11,500 people a game, while the Rangers were sold out (15,925) for almost every game. These attendance figures certainly do not support Mr. Deford's argument.

Incidentally, I was one of approximately 8,000 people who stood in line overnight for Ranger playoff tickets last year. After I got my tickets I went around the corner to see the line for Knick playoff tickets. There were no more than 200 people in line.

These facts prove that hockey is far more popular in New York than basketball.

DAVID BUDLIN

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs

I read your 1967-68 Pro Basketball Preview (Oct. 23) with great amusement. Your fourth-place prediction for the St. Louis Hawks is ridiculous! You admit to their strong rebounding, and to the fact that last year's team was second only to Boston in defense. Add to these fine qualities the coaching of Richie Guerin, and you have the makings of a championship team.

Now altogether, sing along with Rich "Meet me in St. Louis, Philly," for the NBA championship in April.

TOMMY DODSON

Danville, Va.

TIE AND HANDKERCHIEF

Sirs

I appreciated your article on the game between the Los Angeles Rams and the Baltimore Colts (*A Pair Fit To Be Tied*, Oct. 23). It gave the Colts the credit they deserve. It is now fairly easy to see that the Colts have at least an equal, if not the best, chance among the teams in the Coastal Division to take the championship.

HENRY KOONTZ

New Windsor, Md.

Sirs

I am deeply disappointed in your article on the Colt-Ram game. Tex Maule treated a tough, hard-fought game as incidental to the Colts' "greatness." He implies that the Rams are hardly good enough to be in the same league with the Colts, especially an uninjured Colt team. Ram End Jack Snow made two of the greatest catches I have ever seen against the Colts, but these remarkable grabs received only one line of coverage, no more than an account of a seven-yard run by Tom Matte.

If you are going to cover the week's premier game, please give an unbiased account of it, not a Tex Maule story.

RICHARD GILKERSON

Greenville, S.C.

Sirs

Tex Maule has got to be kidding when he says the Rams were lucky to tie. A lot of luck for the Colts and the lousiest officiating I have ever seen contributed the most to the tie. Your caption on the picture of Jack Snow running toward the goal line after catching a pass on the ground is ample proof. You say that Snow is "untouched and still free to run," but notice that Colt fan with the striped shirt and whistle in his mouth. He called that potential touchdown back.

E. D. JONES

Lieut. Colonel, USAF (Ret.)

Riverside, Calif.

Sirs

In the games of October 15, New Orleans traveled to Dallas and drew 94 yards penalty *in the first half* of the game. Los Angeles was at Baltimore, and the Rams were penalized 121 yards to the Colts' 35. Houston was at New York. The Oilers drew 104 penalty yards to the Jets' 40. San Francisco was penalized 103 yards, Philadelphia only 66. Guess what city they were playing in?

There were exceptions where the home team received the most penalty yardage, but nothing anywhere near that walked off against the majority of visiting teams.

I suggest the officials start playing "drop the handkerchief" against the home towners as much as the visitors!

DAVE KOTINHORST

Sunland, Calif.

continued



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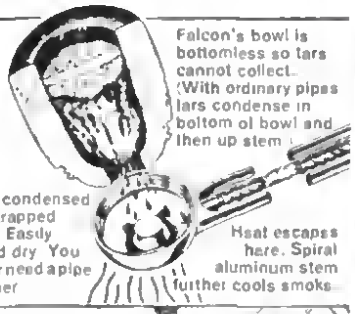
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Anatomy of a sweet pipeful

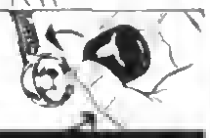


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ROMAN, NUMERAL I

Sirs

I think it's about time that someone said something for Roman Gabriel of the Los Angeles Rams. Whenever anyone talks of the Rams, all the praise goes to the front four, and they are fine indeed, but it is Gabriel who has made a winner out of this club. Two years ago with Bill Munson, who had fine statistics as a quarterback, the Rams won *only one of 10* games. When Gabe took over they won three of four and narrowly lost the fourth to the Colts. Last year they became a winning team behind Gabriel, who is not a statistic quarterback but a *winning* quarterback.

C. M. SWEENEY

Springfield, Mass.

PICTURES AND POOL

Sirs

Congratulations on your informative story and color pictures of Wimpy and pool (*Shooting Out the Lights with Wimpy*, Oct. 16). A very interesting presentation. But when are you going to do something similar on pool's big brother, three-cushion billiards? Comparing the two games is like comparing checkers with chess. Many good pool players advance to three-cushion billiards, which demands much more skill than shooting a little ball into a big pocket.

As an amateur I have played several exhibition matches over the years with the professionals, including the late and immortal Willie Hoppe. Therefore, I feel qualified to state my opinions.

SIDNEY H. BROWN

Pinellas Park, Fla.

Sirs

I was very impressed by the photography employed in your October 16 issue. The action shots of the World Series and of the New York Jets are unsurpassed by any other magazine in your field. Your extensive use of color is indeed tremendous, especially in the article on Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter and the playing of pool. I've been reading SI for the past five or six years, and each year the articles and accompanying photographs get better and better. Keep up the good work and I'll subscribe ever after.

RICHARD SCOTT MULLEN

Millersville, Pa.

Sirs

Congratulations to John Zimmerman for his superlative "psychedelic" photographs in the October 9 issue (*Splash of Strange Hues in Baseball's Most Frantic Week*). Mr. Zimmerman's unusual solarization technique made some of the closing moments of the 1967 baseball season seem even more exciting than they actually were.

PAUL STERNFELS

Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

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This golfer's problems were not es bed as those feced by world-girdler Philees Fogg, but it wasn't eesy to travel to three countries to pley . . .

Three Courses in One Day

by JOHN H. WALKER

This is a story about three golf courses in three different countries, and a single day: Tuesday, July 25, 1967. Although I intend to keep it as short as possible, it appears to me to be essential, if only for the record, to bring out certain facts that predated that day.

For a period of two years I had given a great deal of thought to the possibility of playing three golf courses in three countries on the same day. The idea had come from a trip I made to Scotland in 1965 during which I had played six golf courses: Troon, Carnoustie, Muirfield, The King's of Gleneagles, the Queen's of Gleneagles and St. Andrews, the last three in one day.

The three-country idea developed to the planning state last spring, and by the time I was ready to leave on vacation on July 7th, I was committed to carry out my project, if for no other reason than that I had told so many of my friends and associates that it could be done. The important thing to me was that the three courses be of championship caliber and be well known in Europe and in the United States. I settled on the Old Course of St. Andrews in Scotland, the Old Course at Sunningdale in England and St.-Cloud in Paris.

My initial thought had been to play St.-Cloud first, Sunningdale second and finish up at St. Andrews. By doing it that way I could have taken advantage of the late sunset that makes it possible to play golf in Scotland until about 10:30 p.m.

As I got closer to tee-off time, however, I decided to reverse the order so that I could play the last of my rounds with three friends living in Paris, friends who had expressed their willingness (they were kind enough to call it desire) to participate in the final stage of my adventure. All four of us were vacationing with our families in a delightful corner of Majorca called Casa Serena when we picked Tuesday, July 25th, as *the day*, with the understanding that I would be at St.-Cloud, dressed and ready to tee off by 5 p.m. at the latest.

The days passed quickly in the south of England, where I was spending the remainder of my vacation with my wife, son and in-laws. Then, suddenly, it was Monday, July 24th. I had better explain right off that absolutely no arrangements of any kind, airplane, hotel, car rental, golf, etc., had been made beforehand. This was part of the project.

I left Folkestone (70 miles southeast of London) in early afternoon, and I must say my departure was hardly encouraging—a flat tire less than 200 yards from home. It was questionable logic to leave without a spare, since another flat probably would have ended my golf day before it had begun. But I decided to leave anyway.

Fortunately, the rest of the drive to London airport was without incident. The flight from London to Edinburgh arrived as scheduled at 5 p.m. As soon as it had landed I went to the counters of the two car-rental companies and was told by both that there were no cars available and none was expected to be turned in until the following day. Since I needed one for the 70-mile drive to St. Andrews and, of course, I would have to have one in the morning in order to get back to the airport after my round at St. Andrews, a very empty feeling came over me. Probably because of what must have been my look of absolute dejection, the representative of "No. 2" came over to me to ask how long I would need a car. When I assured him that I would have it back in the morning by 7:30 at the latest, he gave me the only car he had—one that was being held for a 9 a.m. reservation on the 25th.

The drive to St. Andrews was uneventful (but beautiful), although it took somewhat longer than I had felt it would. I was concerned by the time element, because it suddenly made me realize that I would have to have finished my first round and leave St. Andrews by 6 a.m. to be sure of getting to Edinburgh airport in time for the 7:55 flight to London—and also to be on time returning my rented car. Assuming that it would take me two hours to complete the round, this meant that I would have to tee off at St. Andrews at 4 a.m.

As soon as I arrived in St. Andrews, I went to the Old Course to arrange for a caddy cart and to pay my green fee in advance. This seemed wise since I would be starting so early.

When I asked the caddy master about getting a cart that I could keep overnight, he suggested that I first talk to the starter about playing. I soon found out why. The starter told me that the Old Course was closed the next day because of a match between Deane Beman and Bob Charles that was going to be filmed for television by BBC. The match was to start at 8:30, but the BBC was to prepare the course and set up its cameras beginning at 7 a.m. Even though I had assured the starter that I would be off the course an hour before the BBC arrived, the answer about my playing remained negative.

Once again I thought that my golf day was over. I returned to the golf shop to tell the caddy master of my problem with the starter. Here again, as had happened at the airport, my tale of woe fell on sympathetic ears. It was "suggested" that I go out at daylight on the Old Course as I had planned and that no one would know the difference, since by the time the BBC arrived I would be well on my way to Edinburgh.

It was now 8:30 p.m. and all that remained to do was to find a room, have dinner and wait for the morning. I got the last single room left in the Golf Hotel, prepaid my bill and was in bed at 9:30 p.m. I did not sleep, but I had not expected to.

The Great Day started for me at 3 a.m. when I got up, dressed and went to sit in my rented car to wait for enough light to see the ball on the first tee and hopefully to follow it in flight. Finally, at five minutes to 4, I stood in front of the picture window of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse and, with only God as my witness, hit my drive down the No. 1 fairway.

The round at St. Andrews, a 79, was the best of the three I played and was highlighted by an eagle 3 on No. 17, the Road Hole, perhaps the most famous golf hole in the world. The second shot actually hit the pin but bounced back—two inches away from a double eagle. It must have been one of the fastest rounds ever played on the Old Course, for, even

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Three Courses continued

with a five-minute wait for additional daylight, on the second tee, I had putted out on 18 at 5:45 a.m.—one hour and 50 minutes after my first drive. I was at Edinburgh airport at 7:10 a.m., well in advance of schedule and with sufficient time on my hands to have coffee and two doughnuts. This was all the food I was to have until a 9 p.m. dinner following the round at St.-Cloud.

The flight from Edinburgh arrived in London at 9:15 a.m., and here I had no trouble at all arranging a car rental, although it was a full hour after I landed before I was on my way to Sunningdale, about 15 miles south of the airport. It was 11 o'clock when I teed off on the first hole of the Old Course. Eighty-two shots and two hours and five minutes later my caddy and I walked off the 18th hole.

By 2 p.m. I had driven back to the London airport, turned in my car and boarded my flight for Paris. Now, for the first time, I felt relaxed and satisfied that only time stood between me and the successful completion of my three-country golf tour. All that I had to accomplish now was a plane ride to Paris, a taxi from the airport to St.-Cloud and a leisurely 18 holes with friends.

My taxi arrived at St.-Cloud at 4:15 p.m., a full 45 minutes before the tee-off time that had been agreed to in Majorca. At 4:25 p.m. the first of my friends arrived. The two others were there within the 10 minutes that followed. Their enthusiasm and encouragement made the last 18 holes most enjoyable, despite a start of 6-7-6 and a final round of 84. At 8:15 p.m. the final putt went in on St.-Cloud's finishing hole, and a day of golf that had begun at St. Andrews 16 hours and 20 minutes earlier was now ended. It had passed quickly.

As I look back on what I did, I am very certain about three things: first, a great deal of luck is necessary when there is no advance planning other than the plan itself. Second, I am very pleased that I went through with my project, although it may not have proved anything other than the fact that airplane travel now makes almost everything possible. Third, I have no intention of trying to improve on this accomplishment. Before I had gone to St. Andrews I had thought about trying next year to play three courses on three continents in the same day. If such a feat is possible, someone else is going to have to prove it. **END**


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